Euphues Golden Legacie.

Found after his death in his Cell at

SILEXEDRA.

Bequeathed to PHILAVTVS Sonnes,

nurſed vp with their Father in

ENGLAND.

Fetcht from the Canaries, by T. L. *Gent.*

Imprinted at London for *Iohn Smethwick*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Saint *Dunſtanes* Church-yard in Fleetſtreete, vnder the Dyall. 1623.

To the right Honourable and his moſt eſteemed Lord, the Lord of *Hunſdon*, Lord Chamberlaine of her Maieſties houſhold, and Gouernour of the *Towne of Barwicke*: T.L. G. *wiſheth increaſe of all honourable vertues.*

SVch Romans (right Honourable) as delighted in Martiall exploits, attempted their actions in the honour of Auguſtus, becauſe he was a patron of Souldiers, and Virgil deſcribed with Poems as a Mecenas of ſchollers: both ioyntly aduancing his royaltie, as a Prince warlike and learned. Such as ſacrifice to Pallas, preſent her Bayes as ſhee is wiſe, and with Armour as ſhe is valiant: obſeruing herein that excellent to Prepon, which dedicateth honours according to the perfection of the perſon. When I entred (right Honourable) with a deepe in-ſight into the conſideration of theſe premiſſes, ſeeing your Lordſhip to bee a Patron of all Martiall men, and a Mecenas of ſuch as apply themſelues to ſtudie, wearing with Pallas both the Launce and the Bay, and ayming with Auguſtus at the fauour of all, by the honourable vertues of your minde, being my ſelfe firſt a Student, and afterwards falling from Bookes to Armes, euen vowed in all my thoughts, dutifully to affect your Lordſhip.

Hauing with Captaine Clarke made a voyage to the Ilands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour, I writ this Booke: rough, as hatcht in the ſtormes of the Ocean, and feathered in the ſurges of many pe illous Seas. But as it is the worke of a Souldier, and a Scholler, I preſume to ſhrowde it vnder your Honours patronage, as one that is the fautor and fauourer of all vertuous actions, and whoſe honourable loue growne from the generall applauſe of

the whole common-wealth for your higher deſert, may keepe from the malice of euerie bitter tongue.

Other reaſons more particular (right Honourable) challenge in me a ſpeciall affection to your Lordſhip, as being Scholler with your noble Sonnes, Maſter *Edmund Carew*, and Maſter *Robert Carew*, (two ſiens worthy of ſo Honorable a tree, and a tree glorious in ſuch honourable fruit) as alſo being Scholler in the Vniuerſitie, vnder that learned and vertuous Knight, Sir *Edward Hobby*, when he was a Batcheler in Artes, a man as well lettered, as well borne, and after the Etimologie of his name, ſoaring as high as the wings of knowledge can mount him, happie euery way, and the more fortunate, as bleſſed in the honour of ſo vertuous a Lady.

Thus (right Honourable) the dutie that I owe to the ſonnes, chargeth mee that all my affection be placed on the Father, for where the branches are ſo precious, the tree of force muſt bee more excellent. Commanded and imboldned thus with the conſideration of theſe fore-paſſed reaſons, to preſent my Booke to your Lordſhip, I humbly intreat, your Honour will vouchſafe of my labours, and fauour a Souldiers and a Schollers pen, with your gracious acceptance, who anſwers in affection what wants in eloquence: ſo deuoted to your Honour, as his onely deſire is to end his life vnder the fauour of ſo martiall and learned a Patron. Reſting thus in hope of your Lordſhips curteſie, in denying the patronage of my worke, I ceaſe, wiſhing you as many honourable fortunes as your Lordſhip can deſire or imagine.

Your Honours Souldier moſt

Humbly affectionate:

Thomas Lodge.

To the Gentlemen Readers.

GEentlemen, looke not heere to finde any ſprigs of Pallas Bay-tree, nor to heare the humour of any amorous Laureat, nor the pleaſing veyne of any eloquent Orator : Nolo altum ſapere, they bee matters aboue my capacitie : the Coblers checke ſhall neuer light on my head. Ne ſutor vltra crepidam, I will goe no further then the latchet, and then all is well. Heere you may perhaps finde ſome leaues of Venus mirtle, but hewen downe by a Souldier with his curtelaxe, not bought with the allurement of a filed tongue. To bee briefe Gentlemen, roome for a Souldier and a Sayler; that giues you the fruits of his labour that hee wrote in the Ocean, where euery lyne was wet with a ſurge, and euery humorous paſſion counterchekt with a ſtorme. If you like it, ſo, and yet I will be yours in dutie, if you be mine in fauour : But if Momus, or any diſquieted aſſe, that hath mightie eares to conceiue with Midas, and yet little to iudge : If hee come aboard our barke to finde fault with the tackling when he knowes not the ſhrowdes, Ile downe into the hold, and fetch out a ruſtie Pollax, that ſaw no ſunne this ſeauen yeares, and either will bebaſte him, or heaue the cockes-combe ouer-board to feed Cods. But curteous Gentlemen, that fauour moſt, backe-bite none, and pardon what is ouer-ſlipt, let ſuch come and welcome, Ile into the Stewards roome, and fetch them a Kan of our beſt beuerage. Well Gentlemen, you haue Euphues Legacie, I fetcht it as farre as the Ilands of Terceras, and therefore reade it, cenſure with fauour and farewell.

Yours T. L.

The Scedule annexed to Euphues *Teſtament, the tenour of his Legacie, the token of his loue.*

HE vehemencie of my ſickneſſe, *Philautus*, hath made me doubtfull of my life, yet muſt I dye in counſailing thee. Thou haſt Sonnes by *Camelia*, as I heare, who being young in yeares, haue greene thoughts, and nobly borne, hauing great mindes: bend them in youth like the Willow, leaſt thou bewaile them in their Age for their wilfulneſſe. I haue bequeathed them a *Golden Legacie*, becauſe I greatly loue thee. Let them reade it as *Archelaus* did *Caſſander*, to profit by it, and in reading, let them meditate, for I haue approued it the beſt method. They ſhall finde loue anatomized by *Euphues*, with as liuely colours as in *Apelles* Table: Roſes to whip him when hee is wanton, reaſon to withſtand him when hee is headie.

Heere may they reade that Vertue is the King of labour, Opinion the miſtris of Fooles, that Vanitie is the pride of Nature, Contention the ouerthrow of Families: heere is Elleborus bitter in taſte, but beneficiall in tryall. I haue nothing to ſend to thee *Camelia* but this counſell, that in ſteed of worldly goods, you leaue your Sonnes vertue and glory: for better were they to be partakers of your honours, then Lords of your Mannors. I feele death that ſummons me to my graue, and my ſoule deſirous of his God. Farewell *Philautus*, and let the tenour of my counſell be applyed to thy Childrens comfort.

Euphues dying to liue.

If any man finde this ſcrowle ſend it to Philautus in England.

Euphues golden Legacie.

THERE dwelt adioyning to the Citie of Bourdeaux, a Knight of moſt honourable parentage, whom Fortune had graced with many fauours, and Nature honoured with ſundry exquiſite qualities, ſo beautified with the excellence of both, as it was a queſtion, whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall, in diſciphering the riches of their bounties. Wiſe hee was, and holding in his head a ſupreme conceit of policie, reaching with Neſtor into the depth of all ciuill gouernment: and to make his wiſedome more gracious, he had that *ſalem ingenij*, and pleaſant eloquence that was ſo highly commended in Vlyſſes: his valour was no leſſe then his wit, nor the ſtroke of his launce no leſſe forcible, then the ſweetnes of his tongue was perſwaſiue: for hee was for his courage choſen the principall of all the Knights of Malta. This hardy Knight, thus inricht with vertue and honour, ſirnamed Sir Iohn of Burdeaux, hauing paſſed the prime of his youth in ſundry battels againſt the Turks, at laſt (as the day of time hath his courſe) grew aged: his haires were ſiluer-hewed, and the map of his age was figured on his forehead. Honour ſate in the furrowes of his face, and many yeares were portrayd in his wrinkled liniaments, that all men might perceiue his glaſſe was runne, and that nature of neceſſitie challenged her due. Sir Iohn that with the Phenix knew the terme of his life, was now expired, and could with the Swanne diſcouer his end by her ſongs, hauing three ſonnes by his wife Lineda, the very pride of his fore-paſſed yeares, thought now ſeeing death by conſtraint would compell him to leaue them, to beſtow vpon them ſuch a Legacie as might bewray his loue, and increaſe their inſuing amitie. Calling therefore theſe young Gentlemen before him, in the preſence of all his fellow Knights of Malta, he reſolued to leaue them a memoriall of all his fatherly care, in ſetting downe a Methode of their brotherly duties. Hauing therefore death

death in his lookes to moue them to pitie, and teares in his eyes, to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand, hée began.

Sir Iohn of Burdeaux Legacie hee gaue to his Sonnes.

OH my sonnes, you sée that Fate hath set a period of my yeares, and Destinies haue determined a finall end of my dayes, the Holme-trée waxeth away-ward, for he stoopeth in his height, and my plumes are full of sicke feathers touched with age. I must to my graue that dischargeth all cares, & leaue you to the world that increaseth many sorrowes. My siluer haires containe great experience, and the number of my yeares haue pend downe the subtilties of fortune. Therefore as I leaue you some fading pelfe to countercheck pouertie, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall leade you vnto vertue. First, therefore vnto thée Saladine the eldest, and therefore the chiefest pillar of my house, wherein should be ingraued, aswell the excellencie of thy fathers qualities, as the essentiall forme of his proportion, to thée I giue fourteene plough lands, with all my Manour houses and richest plate. Next, vnto Fernandine, I bequeath twelue plough-lands: But vnto Rosader the youngest, I giue my horse, my armor, and my launce, with sixteene plough-lands: for if the inward thoughts be discouered by outward shadowes, Rosader will exceed you all in bountie and honour. Thus (my sonnes) haue I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth, wherin if you be as prodigall to spend, as I haue bin carefull to get, your friends will grieue to sée you more wastfull then I was bountifull, and your foes smile that my fall did begin at your excesse. Let mine honour be the glasse of your actions, and the fame of my vertues, the lode-starre to direct the course of your pilgrimage. Aymé your déeds by my honourable endeauors, and shew your selues siens worthy of so flourishing a trée: least as the birds Halcyones which exceed in whitenesse, I hatch yong ones that exceed in blacknes. Climbe not (my sonnes) aspiring pride is a vapor that ascendeth hie, but sone turneth into smoke, they that stare at the stars, stumble vpon the stones: and they that gaze at the Sun (vnlesse they be Eagle-eyed) fall blind: so are not too high

with

with the Hobby, least you fall with the Larke: nor attempt not with Phaeton, least you drowne with Icarus. Fortune when she wils you to flie, tempers your plumes with waxe, and therefore either sit still and make no wing, or else beware the Sun, & hold Dedalus ariome authenticall (*Medium tenuisse tutissimum.*) Low shrubs haue deepe roote, and poore Cottages great patience. Fortune lokes euer vpward, and enuy aspireth to nestle with dignitie. Take heed my sons, the meane is sweetest melodie, where strings stretch high, either soon they crack, or quickly grow out of tune. Let your Countries care be your hearts content, & thinke that you are not borne for your selues, but to leuel your thoughts to be loyal to your Prince, carefull for the common weale, & faithfull to your friends, so shall France say, these men are excellent in vertues, as they bee exquisite in features. Oh my sons, a friend is a precious iewel, within whose bosome you may vnload your sorrow, and vnfold your secrets, and bee either will relieue with councell, or perswade with reason: but take heed in the choise, the outward shew makes not the inward man, nor are the dimples in the face the Kalenders of trueth. When the Liquorice leafe lookes most drie: then it is most wet: when the shores of Lepanthus are most quiet, then they forepoint a storme. The Baatan leafe the more faire it lokes, the more infectious it is, & in the sweetest woods is oft hid most treacherie. Therefore my sonnes, chuse a friend as the Hiperborei doe their mettals, seuer them from the ore with fire, and let them not bide the stampe before they bee currant & so trie & then trust, let time be the touchstone of friendship, and then friends faithfull lay them vp for iewels. Be valiant my sonnes, for cowardise is the enemy of honour: but not too rash, for that is extreame. Fortitude is the meane, & that is limited within bounds, & prescribed with circumstance. But aboue all, & with that he fetcht a deep sigh, beware of Loue, for it is far more perilous then pleasant, and yet I tell you it allureth as ill as the Syrens. Oh my sonnes, fancie is a fickle thing, and beauties paintings are trickt vp with times colours, which being set to drie in the sunne, perish with the same. Venus is a wanton, and though her lawes pretent libertie, yet there is nothing but losse and glittering misery. Cupids wings are plumed with the feathers of vanitie, and his arrowes, where they pierce, inforce nothing but desires: a womans eye, as it is precious to behold, so it is preiudiciall to gaze vpon: for as it affordeth delight, so it sna-

reth vnto death. Truſt not their fawning fauors, for their loues are like the breath of a man vpon Glaſe, which no ſoner lighteth on, but it leapeth off, and their paſſions are as momentarie as the colours of a Polipe, which changeth at the ſight of euery obiect. My breath waxeth ſhort, and mine eyes waxe dimme, the howre is come, and I muſt away: therefore let this ſuffice, women are wantons, and yet men cannot want one: and therefore if you loue, chuſe one that hath eies of adamant, that will turne onely to one point, her heart of a Diamond that will receiue but one forme, her tongue of a Sethin leafe, that neuer wags but with a ſoutheaſt wind: and yet my ſons, if ſhe haue all theſe qualities, to be chaſt, obedient, and ſilent: yet for that ſhee is a woman, ſhall yée find in her ſufficient vanity to counternaile her vertues. Oh now my ſonnes, euen now take theſe my laſt words as my lateſt Legacie, for my threed is ſpun, and my fat is in the graue: kéepe my precepts as memorials of your fathers counſels, and let them bée lodged in the ſecrets of your hearts: for wiſedome is better then wealth, & a golden ſentence worth a world of treaſure. In my fall ſée, my ſonnes, the folly of man, that being duſt climbeth with Briarius, to reach at the heauens, & readie euery minute to die, yet hopeth for an age of pleaſures. Oh, mans life is like lightning, that is but a flaſh, and the longeſt day of his yeares but a banens blaze. Séeing then man is ſo mortall, bee carefull that thy ſelfe be vertuous, that thy death may bée full of admirable honors: ſo ſhalt thou challenge fame to be thy fautor, and put oblition to exile with thine honourable actions. But my ſons, leaſt you ſhould forget your fathers axioms, take this ſcroule, wherein reade what your father dying, wils you to execute liuing. At this he ſhrunke downe in his bed, and gaue vp the ghoſt.

Iohn of Burdeaux being thus dead, was greatly lamented of his ſonnes, & bewailed of his friends, eſpecially of his fellow knights of Malta, who attended on his funerals, which were performed with great ſolemnitie. His obſequies done, Saladine cauſed, next his epitaph, the contents of the ſcrowle to be portrayed out, which were to this effect.

The contents of the ſcedul which Sir *Iohn* of *Bourdeaux* gaue his ſonnes.

My

MY ſonnes, behold what portion I doe giue,
I leaue you goods, but they are quickly loſt:
I leaue aduice, to ſchoole you how to liue,
I leaue you wit, but won with little coſt:
But keepe it well, for counſell ſtill is one,
When father, friends, and worldly goods are gone.

In choiſe of thrift, let honour be your gaine.
Winne it by vertue, and by manly might:
In doing good, eſteeme thy trouble no paine.
Protect the fatherleſſe, and widowes right.
Fight for thy Faith, thy Countrie, and thy King.
For why? this thrift will proue a bleſſed thing.

In choiſe of wife preferre the modeſt chaſte.
Lillies are faire in ſhew, but foule in ſmell:
The ſweeteſt lookes by age are ſoone defaſt,
Then chuſe thy wife by wit, and liuing well,
Who brings thee wealth, and many faults withall,
Preſents thee honie mixt with bitter gall.

In choiſe of friends, beware of light beliefe,
A painted tongue may ſhroude a ſubtile heart:
The Syrens teares doe threaten mickle griefe,
Foreſee my ſonnes, for feare of ſodaine ſmart,
Chuſe in your wants, and he that loues you then,
When richer rowen, befriend you him againe.

Learne with the Ant in ſummer to prouide,
Driue with the Bee, the Drone from out the hiue:
Build like the Swallow, in the ſummer tide.
Spare not too much (my ſonnes) but ſparing thriue.
Be poore in folly, rich in all but ſinne:
So by your death, your glorie ſhall beginne.

Saladine hauing thus ſet vp the Scedule, and hangd about his fathers herſe many paſſionate poems, that France might ſuppoſe him to be paſſing ſorrowfull, clad himſelfe and his brothers all in blacke, and in ſuch ſable ſutes diſcouered his griefe: but as the Hiena when ſhe mourns is moſt guilefull, ſo Saladine, vnder the ſhew of griefe,

shadoweth his heart full of contented thoughts. The Tiger though he hid his clawes, will at last discouer his rapine, the Lions looks are not the maps of his meaning, nor a mans physnomy is not the display of his secrets: fire cannot be hid in straw, nor the nature of man so conceald, but at last it will haue his course, Nature and Art may doe much, but that *natura naturans*, which by purgation is ingraffed in the heart, will be at last perforce predominant, according to the old verse:

Naturam expellas furca licet, vsque recurret.

So fared it with Saladine, for after a moneths mourning was past, he fell to consideration of his fathers testament, how he had bequeathed more to his younger brother then to himselfe, (that Rosader was his fathers darling, but now vnder his tuition,) that as yet they were not come to yéeres, and hee being their guardian, might (if not defraude them of their due) yet make such hauocke of their legacies and lands, as they should bée a great deale the lighter: whereupon he began thus to meditate with himselfe.

Saladines meditation with himselfe.

SAladine, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts, and perplexed with a world of restlesse passions, hauing thy minde troubled with the tenour of thy fathers testament, and thy heart fired with the hope of present preferment? by the one thou art counseld to content thée with thy fortunes: by the other, perswaded to aspire to higher wealth. Riches (Saladine) is a great royaltie, and there is no swéeter physike then store. Auicen like a foole forgot in his Aphorismes to say, that gold was the most precious restoratiue, and that treasure was the most excellent medicine of the minde. O Saladine, what were thy fathers precepts breathed into the winde? hast thou so soone forgotten his principles? did hee not warne thée from coueting without honour, and climing without vertue? did he not forbid thée to aime at any action that should not bée honourable? and what will be more preiudiciall to thy credite, then the carelesse ruine of thy brothers prosperity? and wilt thou become the subuersion of their fortunes? is there any swéeter thing then concord, or a more precious iewell then amitie? are you not sonnes of one father, siens of one trée, birds of one nest? and wilt thou become so vnnaturall, as to rob them thou shouldest relieue? No Saladine, intreate them in fauours, and entertaine them with loue, so shalt thou haue thy conscience

ſcience cléere, and thy renowme excellent: Tuſh, what woꝛds are theſe, baſe ſoule: farre vnfit (if thou be wiſe) foꝛ thy honour. What though thy father at his death talked many friuolous matters, as one that doted foꝛ age, and raued in his ſickneſſe: ſhall his woꝛds be Axioms, and his talke be ſo authenticall, as thou wilt (to obſerue them) preiudice thy ſelfe? No, no, Saladine, ſicke mens wills that are paroll, hauing no hand noꝛ ſeale, are like the lawes of a Citie written in duſt, which are broken with the blaſt of euery wind. What man, thy father is dead, and he can neither helpe thy foꝛtunes, noꝛ meaſure thy actions: therefoꝛe bury thy woꝛds with his carkaſſe, and be wiſe foꝛ thy ſelfe: what, tis not ſo old as true:

Non ſapit, qui ſibi non ſapit.

Thy bꝛother is yong, kéepe him now in awe, make him not checkmate with thy ſelfe: foꝛ,

Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit.

Let him know little, ſo ſhall he not bée able to execute much, ſuppꝛeſſe his wits with a baſe eſtate, and though he bée a gentleman by nature, yet foꝛme him anew, and make him a peſant by nurture: ſo ſhalt thou kéepe him a ſlaue, and raigne thy ſelfe ſole Lord ouer all thy fathers poſſeſſions. As foꝛ Fernandine, thy middle bꝛother, he is a ſcholer, and hath no minde but on Ariſtotle, let him reade on Galen, while thou rifleſt with gold, and poare on his booke whileſt thou purchaſeſt lands: wit is great wealth, if he haue learning, it is enough, and ſo let all reſt.

In this humour was Saladine, making his bꝛother Roſader his ſwt-boy, foꝛ the ſpace of two oꝛ thꝛée yéeres, kéeping him in ſuch ſeruile ſubiection, as it had béen the ſonne of any country vaſſall. The yong gentleman bare all with patience, till on a day, walking in the garden by himſelfe, he began to conſider, how he was the ſonne of Iohn of Bourdeaux, a knight renowmed in many victoꝛies, and a gentleman famouſed foꝛ his vertues, who contrary to the teſtament of his father, he was not only kept from his land, and intreated as a ſeruant, but ſmothered in ſuch ſecret ſlauery, as he might not attaine to any honoꝛable actions. Alas ſaid he to himſelfe (nature woꝛking theſe effectuall paſſions) why ſhould I that am a gentleman boꝛne, paſſe my time in ſuch vnnaturall dꝛudgery? wert not better, either in Paris to become a ſcholer, oꝛ in the court a courtier, oꝛ in the field a ſouldier, then to liue a ſwt-boy to mine owne bꝛother: nature hath

lent me wit to conceiue, but my brother denyes me Art to contemplate. I haue strength to performe any honorable exploit, but no liberty to accomplish my vertuous indeauors: those good parts that God hath bestowed vpon me, the enuy of my brother doth smother vp in obscuritie, the harder is my fortune, & the more his frowardnesse. With that, casting vp his hand, hee felt haire on his face, and perceiuing his beard to bud for choler he began to blush, and swore to himselfe, he would be no more subiect to such slauery. As thus he was ruminating his melancholy passions, in came Saladine with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne study, and to forget his wonted reuerence, thought to shake him out of his dumps, thus. Sirra (quoth he) is your minde on your halfpeny? or are you saying a dirge for your fathers soule? what, is my dinner ready? At this question Rosader turning his head askance: and bending his browes as if anger there had plowed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire he made this reply. Dost thou aske me (Saladine) for thy cates? aske some of thy churles, who are fit for such an office. I am thy equall by nature, though not by birth: and though thou hast more cards in thy bunch, I haue as many trumps in mine hands as thy selfe. Let me question with thee: why hast thou sold my woods, spoyld my manor houses, and made hauocke of such vtensils, as my father bequeathed vnto me? I tell thee Saladine, either answere me as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an enemie.

At this reply of Rosaders, Saladine smiled, as laughing at his presumption, and frowned, as checking his folly: he therefore tooke him vp thus shortly. What sirra, I see, early prickes the tree that will proone a thorne: hath my familiar conuersing with you made you coy, or my good lookes drawne you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedy such a fault, and I will bend the tree while it is a wand: in faith (sir boy) I haue a snaffle for such a head-strong colt. You sirs, lay hold on him, and binde him, and then I will giue him a cooling card for his choler. This made Rosader halfe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, hee layd such load vpon his brothers men, that hee hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladine seeing Rosader so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safety, and tooke him to a loft adioyning to the garden, whether Rosader pursued him hotly. Saladine afraide of his brothers fury, cryed out to him

thus

thus. Roſader, be not ſo raſh, I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I haue done thée wrong, Ile make thée amends: reuenge not anger in bloud, for ſo ſhalt thou ſtaine the vertue of old ſir Iohn of Bourdeaux: ſay wherein thou art diſcontent, and thou ſhalt be ſatiſfied. Brothers frowns ought not to be periods of wrath: what man, looke not ſo lowrely, I know we ſhall be friends, and better friends then we haue bin. For, *Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio eſt.*

Theſe words appeaſed the choler of Roſader, (for hee was of a milde and curteous nature) ſo that he laid downe his weapons, and vpon the faith of a Gentleman, aſſured his brother hée would offer him no preiudice: whereupon Saladine came downe, and after a little parle, they imbraced each other and became friends, and Saladine promiſed Roſader the reſtitution of all his lands, and what fauour elſe, quoth hée, any wayes my ability or the nature of a brother, may performe. Vpon theſe ſugred reconciliations, they went into the houſe arme in arme together, to the great content of all the old ſeruants of ſir Iohn of Bourdeaux. Thus continued the pad hidden in the ſtraw, till it chanced that Toriſmond King of France had appointed for his pleaſure a day of wraſtling, and of Tourneament to baſſe his Commons heads, leaſt being idle, their thoughts ſhould run vpon ſerious matters, and call to remembrance their old baniſhed King: a Champion there was to ſtand againſt all commers, a Normane, a man of tall ſtature and of great ſtrength, ſo valiant, that in many ſuch conflicts he alwayes bare away the victorie, not onely ouerthrowing them which he encountred, but often with the weight of his body, killing them outright. Saladine hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fall to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead: firſt by ſecret meanes conuented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to ſweare, that if Roſader came within his clawes, hée ſhould neuer more returne to quarrell with Saladine for his poſſeſſions. The Norman deſirous of pelfe, as (*Quis niſi mentis inops oblatum reſpuit aurum*) taking great gifts for little gods, toke the crownes of Saladine to performe the ſtratagem. Hauing thus tied the Champion to his villanous determination by oath, hee proſecuted the intent of his purpoſe thus. He went to young Roſader, (who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and gaſed no lower then vertue commaunded) and began to tell him of this Tournament and wraſtling, how the King ſhould bée there,

and

and all the chiefe Peeres of France, with all the beautifull damoſels of the countrey: now brother quoth hee, for the honor of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, our renowned father, to famous that houſe that never hath bin found without men approued in chiualry, ſhew thy reſolution to be peremptory. For my ſelfe, thou knoweſt though I am eldeſt by byrth, yet never hauing attempted any deeds of Armes, I am yongeſt to performe any martiall exploits, knowing better how to ſurvey my lands, then to charge my Launce: my brother Fernandine he is at Paris, poaring on a few papers, hauing more inſight into ſophiſtrie and principles of Philoſophie, then any warlike indeuours: but thou Roſader the yongeſt in yeares, but the eldeſt in valour, art a man of ſtrength, and dareſt doe what honour allowes thee: take thou thy fathers Launce, his Sword, and his Horſe, and hie thee to the Tournament, & either there valiantly crack a ſpeare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of activitie. The words of Saladine were but ſpurs to a free horſe, for he had ſcarce uttered them ere Roſader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer ſo kindly, that he promiſed in what hee might to requite his courteſie. The next morrow was the day of the Tournament, and Roſader was ſo deſirous to ſhew his heroicall thoughts, that hee paſſed the night with little ſléepe: but aſſoone as Phebus had vailed the curtain of the night, and made Aurora bluſh, with giuing her the bezo las labras in his ſiluer Couch, hee gate him vp, and taking his leaue of his brother, mounted himſelfe towards the place appointed, thinking euery mile tenne leagues till he came there. But leauing him ſo deſirous of the Tourney, to Toriſmond the King of France, who hauing by force baniſhed Geriſmond their lawfull King, that lined as an outlaw in the forreſt of Arden, ſought how by all meanes to kéepe the French buſied with all ſports, that might breed their content. Amongſt the reſt, he had appointed this ſolemne Tournament, whereunto he in moſt ſolemne maner reſorted, accompanied with the twelue péeres of France, who rather for feare then loue, graced him with the ſhew of their dutifull fauours. To féede their eyes, & to make the beholders pleaſed with the ſight of moſt rare glittering obiects, hee had appointed his owne daughter Alinda to bee there, and the faire Roſalind daughter vnto Geriſmond, with all the beautifull Damoſels that were famous for their features in all France.

Thus in that place did loue and warre triumph in a ſimpathy, ſuch

such as were martiall, might vse their launce to be renowned for the excellency of their chiualry, and such as were amorous, might glut themselues with gasing on the beauties of most heauenly creatures. As euery mans eye had his seuerall survey, and fansie was partiall in their lookes, yet all in generall applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on the face of Rosalind, for vpon her cheekes there seemed a battell betweene the Graces, who should bestow most fauours to make her excellent. The blush that glozied Luna when she kist the Shepheard of the hills of Latmos, was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the vermilion flourish on the siluer hue of Rosalinds countenance; her eyes were like those Lampes that make the wealthie couert for the heauens more glorious, sparkling fauour and disdaine, curteous and yet coy, as if in them Venus had placed al her amorets, and Diana all her chastitie. The trammels of her haire folded in a caule of gold, so farre surpast the burnisht glitter of mettall, as the Sunne doth the meanest Starre in brightnesse: the tresses that folds in the browes of Apollo, were not halfe so rich to the sight, for in her haires it seemed loue had laid himselfe in ambush, to entrap the proudest eye that durst gaze vpon their excellence: what should I need to discipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all, she was the paragon of all earthly perfection. This Rosalind fate (I say) with Alinda, as a beholder of these sports, made the Caualiers cracke their launces with more courage: many deeds of knighthood that day were performed, and many prizes were giuen, according to their seuerall deserts: at last, when the Tournament ceased, the wrastling began, and the Norman presented himself, as a challenger against all commers, but he looked like Hercules, when hee aduanst himselfe against Achelous, so that the furie of his countenance amazed all that durst attempt to encounter with him in any deed of actiuitie, till at last a lusty Franklin of the Country came with two tall men that were his sonnes, of good lineaments, and comely personage: the eldest of these doing obeysance to the King, entred the lists, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who immediatly coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glory of his strength, rouzed himself with such wonderfull fury, that not onely he gaue him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage: which the younger brother seeing, leapt presently into the place, and eagerly thirsting after reuenge, assailed the Nor-

man with such valor, that at the first encounter he brought him on his knees, which repulst so the Norman, that recouering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee slept so earnestly to the young Franklin, that taking him vp in his armes, he threw him against the ground so violently, that he broke his necke, and so ended his dayes with his brother. At this vnlookt-for massacre the people murmured, and were all in a deepe passion of pitie: but the Franklin, father vnto these, never changed his countenance, but as a man of a couragious resolution, tooke vp the bodies of his sonnes without shew of outward discontent.

All this while stood Rosader and saw this Tragedie: who noting the vndoubted vertue of the Franklins mind, alighted off from his Horse, and presently sate downe on the grasse, and commanded his boy to pull off his bootes, making him ready to try the strength of this champion, being furnished as he would, he clapt the Franklin on the shoulder, and said thus: Bold yeoman, whose sonnes haue ended the tearme of their yéres with honour, for that I sée thou seemest fortune with patience, and thwartest the iniurie of fate with content, in broking the death of thy sonnes, stand a while, either sée me make a third in their tragedie, or else reuenge their fall with an honorable triumph. The Franklin séeing so goodly a Gentleman to giue him such courteous comfort, gaue him hearty thankes, with promise to pray for his happy successe. With that Rosader vayled bonet to the King, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the companie then the combatant, he cast his eyes vpon the troope of Ladies, that glittered like the starres of heauen: but at last, loue willing to make him amorous as he was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalind, whose admirable beauty so inueagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, hee stood and fed his lookes on the fauor of Rosalinds face, which shee perceiuing, blusht: which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellency, that the bashfull red of Aurora, at the sight of vnacquainted Phaeton, was not halfe so glorious.

The Norman seeing this young Gentleman fettered in the lookes of the Ladies, drawe him out of his Memento with a shake by the shoulder: Rosader looking backe with an angry frowne, as if he had béene wakened from some pleasant dreame, discouered to all, by the fury of his countenance, that hee was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the slendernesse of his visage,

with

with a generall applause of fauours, they grieued that so godly a young man should venture in so base an action: but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to be graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his *memento* by the Norman, he roughly clapt to him with so fierce an incounter, that they both fell to the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breath: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whom Saladine had appointed him to kill: which coniecture made him stretch euery limbe, and try euery sinew, that working his death he might recouer the gold, which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breather was not idle, but still cast his eye vpon Rosalind, who to incourage him with a fauour, lent him such an amorous loke, as might haue made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalind so fierced the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman he ranne vpon him and braued him with a strong encounter: the Norman receiued him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to iudge on whose side fortune would be prodigall. At last Rosader calling to minde the beauty of his new Mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fall to his house by his misfortune, rowsed himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling vppon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yelded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie. The death of this Champion, as it highly contented the Francklin, as a man satisfied with reuenge, so it drue the King and all the Peeres into a great admiration, that so young yeares and so beautifull a personage, should containe such martiall excellence: but when they knew him to be the youngest sonne of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, the King rose from his seat and imbraced him, and the Peeres intreated him with all fauourable curtesie, commending both his valour and his vertues, wishing him to goe forward in such haughty deeds, that hee might attaine to the glory of his fathers honourable fortunes.

As the King and Lords graced him with embracing, so the Ladies fauoured him with their lookes, especially Rosalind, whom the beauty and valour of Rosader had already touched: but she accounted loue a toy, and fancy a momentary passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke: and therefore

feared not to dally in the flame, and to make Roſader know ſhee affected him: take from her necke a Jewel, and ſent it by a Page to the yong gentleman. The Prize that Venus gane to Paris, was not halfe ſo pleaſing to the Troian, as this Jemme was to Roſader: for if fortune had ſworne to make him the ſole Monarke of the world, hee would rather haue refuſed ſuch dignitie, than haue loſt the Jewel ſent him by Roſalind. To requite her with the like he was vnfurniſhed, yet that he might more then in his lookes diſcouer his affection, he ſtept into a tent, and taking pen and paper writ his fancie.

Two Sunnes at once from one faire heauen there ſhinde,
Ten braunches from two boughes tipt all with roſes,
Pure lockes more golden then is gold refinde,
Two pearled rowes that Natures pride incloſes.
Two mounts faire marble white, downe-ſoft and dainty,
A ſnow died orbe: where loue increaſt by pleaſure
Full wofull makes my heart, and body faintie:
Her faire (my woes) exceeds all thought and meaſure.
In lines confuſde my luckleſſe harme appeareth,
Whom ſorrow clowdes, whom pleaſant ſmiling cleareth.

This ſonnet he ſent to Roſalynd, which when ſhe read, ſhe bluſht, but with a ſweet content in that ſhe perceiued loue had alotted her ſo amorous a ſeruant. Leauing her to her new intertained fancies, againe to Roſader, who triumphing in the glorie of this conqueſt, accompanyed with a troupe of young gentlemen, that were deſirous to be his familiars, went home to his brother Saladyne, who was walking before the gates, to heare what ſucceſſe his brother Roſader ſhould haue, aſſuring himſelfe of his death, and deuiſing how with diſſimuled ſorow, to celebrate his funerals: as he was in this thought, he caſt vp his eye, and ſawe where Roſader returned with the garland on his head, and hauing won the prize, accompanied with a crue of bon companions: greeued at this, hee ſtept in and ſhut the gate. Roſader ſeeing this, and not looking for ſuch vnkind entertainement, bluſht at the diſgrace, and yet ſmothering his griefs with a ſmile, hee turned to the Gentlemen, and deſired them to hold his brother excuſed, for hee did not this vpon a malitious intent or nigardize, but being brought vp in the country, he abſented himſelfe, as not finding his nature

nature fit for ſuch youthfull company. Thus he ſought to ſhadow abuſes profered him by his brother, but in vaine, for he could by no meanes bee ſuffered to enter: whereupon hee ran his foot againſt the doore, and brake it open: drawing his ſword, and entring boldly into the Hall, where he found none (for all were fled) but one Adam Spencer, an Engliſhman, who had bene an old and truſtie ſeruant of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux: hee for the loue he bare to his deceaſed Maſter, fauoured the part of Roſader, and gaue him and his ſuch entertainment as he could. Roſader geue him thanks, and looking about, ſeing the Hall empty ſaid: Gentlemen, you are welcome, frolike and be merry, you ſhall be ſure to haue wine enough, whatſoeuer your fare be, I tell you Caualiers, my Brother hath in his houſe fiue tunne of wine, and as long as that laſteth, I bleſſe him that ſpareth his liquor. With that he burſt open the buttery doore, and with the helpe of Adam Spencer couered the Tables, and ſet downe whatſoeuer he could find in the houſe, but what they wanted in meat, was ſupplied with drinke, yet had they royall cheare, and withall ſuch hartie welcome, as would haue made the courſeſt meats ſeeme delicates. After they had feaſted & frolicht it twiſe or thriſe with an vpſey freze, they all take their leaue of Roſader and departed. Aſſoone as they were gone, Roſader growing impatient of the abuſe, drew his ſword, and ſwore to be reuenged of the diſcurteous Saladine: yet by the meanes of Adam Spencer, who ſought to continue friendſhippe and amity betwixt the brethren, and through the flattering ſubmiſſion of Saladine, they were once againe reconciled, and put vp all forepaſſed iniuries, with a peaceable agreement, liuing together for a good ſpace in ſuch brotherly loue, as did not onely reioyce the ſeruants, but made al the Gentlemen and bordering neighbours glad of ſuch friendly concord. Saladine hiding fire in the ſtraw, and concealing a poyſoned hate in a peaceable countenance, yet deferring the intent of his wrath till fitter opportunity hee ſhewed himſelfe a great fauorer of his brothers vertuous endeuors: where leauing them in this happy league, let vs returne to Roſaylind.

Roſaylind returning home from the triumph, after ſhe waxed ſolitary, Loue preſented her with the Idea of Roſaders perfection, and taking her at diſcouert, ſtroke her ſo deepe, as ſhe felte her ſelfe grow paſſing paſſionate: ſhe began to call to mind the comlineſſe of his perſon, the honor of his parents, and the vertues that excelleth both,

made

made him so gracious in the eyes of euery one. Sucking in thus the hony of loue, by imprinting in her thoughts his rare qualities, she began to surfet with the contemplation of his vertuous conditions, but when she cald to remembrance her present estate, and the hardnesse of her fortunes, desire began to shrink, and fancie to vale bonnet, that betweene a *Chaos* of confused thoughts, she began to debate with her selfe in this maner.

Rosalind's *Saladynes* passion.

Infortunate Rosalind, whose misfortunes are more then thy yeres, and whose passions are greater then thy patience. The blossoms of thy youth are mixt with the frosts of enuy, and the hope of the ensuing fruits perish in the bud. Thy father is by Torismond banisht from the crowne, and thou the vnhappy daughter of a king detained captiue, liuing as disquieted in thy thoughts, as thy father discontented in his exile. Ah Rosalind, what cares waite vpon a crowne? what griefes are incident to dignity? what sorrowes haunt royall pallaces? The greatest seas haue the sorest stormes, the highest birth subiect to the most bale, and of all trees the Cedars soonest shake with the winde: small currents are euer calme, lowe valleys not scorcht in any lightnings, nor base men tyed to anie baleful preiudice. Fortune flies, and if she touch pouerty, it is with her heele, rather disdaining their want with a frowne, then enuying their wealth with disparagement. Oh Rosalind, hadst thou bene borne low, thou hadst not laine so high, and yet being great of blood, thine honour is more, if thou brookest misfortune with patience. Suppose I contrary fortune with content, yet fates vnwilling to haue me any wayes happy, haue forced loue to set my thoughts on fire with fancie. Loue Rosalinde becommeth it women in distresse to thinke on loue? Tush, desire hath no respect of persons, Cupid is blind and shooteth at random, allone hitting a ragge, as a robe, and piercing allone the bosome of a Captiue, as the breast of a Libertine. Thou speakest it poore Rosalind by experience, for being euery way distrest, surcharged with cares, and ouer growne with sorrowes, yet amidst the heape of all these mishaps, Loue hath lodged in thy heart the perfection of yong Rosader, a man euery way absolute as well for his inward life, as for his outward lyniaments, able to content the eye with beauty, & the eare with the

repoyt

report of his vertue. But conſider Roſalind his fortunes, and thy preſent eſtate: thou art poore, and without patrimony, & yet the daughter of a Prince, he a yonger brother, and void of ſuch poſſeſſion, as either might maintaine thy dignities, or revenge thy fathers iniuries. And haſt thou not learned this of other Ladies, that Louers cannot liue by lookes: that womens eares are ſooner content with a pound of giue me, then a dram of heare me, that gold is ſweeter then eloquence: that loue is a fire, and wealth is the fuell: that Venus coffers ſhould bée euer full. Then Roſalind, ſéeing Roſader is poore, thinke him leſſe beautifull, becauſe he is in want, & account his vertues but qualities of courſe, for that hée is not endued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thée what method is to be vſed in loue.

Quærenda pecunia primum, poſt nummos virtus.

Tuſh Roſalind, be not ouer-raſh, leape not before thou looke, either loue ſuch a one as may with his lands purchaſe thée liberty, or elſe loue not at all. Chuſe not a faire face with an empty purſe, but ſay as moſt women vſe to ſay:

Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.

Why Roſalind, can ſuch baſe thoughts harbour in ſuch high beauties? Can the degrée of a princeſſe, the daughter of Geriſmond harbour ſuch ſeruile conceits, as to prize gold more then honour, or to meaſure a Gentleman by his wealth, not by his vertues. Fie Roſalind, bluſh at thy baſe reſolution, and ſay if thou loueſt either Roſader, or none: and why? becauſe Roſader is both beautifull and vertuous. Smiling to her ſelfe to thinke of her new entertained paſſions taking out her Lute that lay by her, ſhe warbled out this dittie.

Roſalinds Madrigall.

LOue in my boſome like a Bee,
doth ſucke his ſweet:
Now with his wings he playes with mee,
now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his neſt,
His bed amidſt my tender breaſt,
My kiſſes are his daily feaſt,
And yet he robs me of my reſt,
Ah wanton, will ye?

And

And if I ſleepe, then pearcheth he
with pretie flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
the liue-long night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the ſtring,
He muſike playes, if ſo I ſing,
He lends me euery louing thing,
Yet cruell he my heart doth ſting,
Whilſt wanton ſtill yee.
Elſe I with Roſes euery day,
will whip you hence:
And bind you when you long to play,
for your offence.
Ile ſhut my eyes to keepe you in,
Ile make you faſt it for your ſinne,
Ile count your power not worth a pinne.
Alas what hereby ſhall I winne,
If he gain-ſay me?
What if I beate the wanton boy
with many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
becauſe a God.
Then ſit thou ſafely on my knee,
And let thy bower my boſome bee,
Lurke in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid ſo thou pitie mee:
Spare not but play thee.

Scarce had Roſalind ended her Madrigall, before Toriſmond came in with his daughter Alinda, and many of the peeres of France, who were enamoured at her beauty: which Toriſmond perceiuing, fearing leſt her perfection might bee the beginning of his preiudice, and the hope of his fruit end in the beginning of her bloſſomes, hee thought to baniſh her from the Court: for, quoth hee to himſelfe, her face is ſo full of fauour, that it pleades pitie in the eye of euery man, her beauty is ſo heauenly and diuine, that ſhee will proue to mee as Helen did to Priam: ſome one of the Peeres will aime at her loue, end the marriage, and then in his wiues right attempt the kingdom. To preuent had-I-wiſt in all theſe actions, ſhee tarries not about the

the Court, but shall (as an exile) either wander to her father, or else seeke other fortunes. In this humor, with a sterne countenance full of wrath, he breathed out this censure vnto her before the Peeres that charged her, that that night she were not seene about the Court: for (quoth he) I haue heard of thy aspiring speeches, and intended treasons. This doome was strange vnto Rosalind, and presently couered with the shield of her innocencie, she boldly brake out in reuerent termes to haue cleared herselfe: but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his Lords pleade for Rosalind, although her beautie had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath pourtrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalind amazed, Alinda who loued her more then her selfe, with griefe in heart and teares in her eyes, falling downe on her knees, began to intreat her father thus.

Alindas oration to her father in defence of *Rosalind.*

If (mighty Torismond) I offend in pleading for my friend, let the law of amitie craue pardon for my boldnesse: for where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a priuiledge. Rosalind and I haue beene fostred vp from our infancies, and nursed vnder the harbour of our conuersing together, with such priuate familiarities, that custome had wrought an vnyon of nature, and the sympathy of our affections such a secret loue, that wee haue two bodies, & one soule. Then maruell not (great Torismond) seeing my friend distrest, I finde my selfe perplexed with a thousand sorrowes: for her vertuous and honourable thoughts (which are the glories that maketh women excellent) they be such, as may challenge loue, and race out suspition, her obedience to your Maiestie, I referre to the censure of your owne eye, that since her fathers exile hath smothered al griefs with patience, and in the absence of nature, hath honored you with al dutie, as her owne father by nouriture, not in word vttering any discontent, nor in thought (as far as coniecture may reach) hammering on reuenge: onely in all her actions seeking to please you, and to win my fauour. Her wisedome, silence, chastitie, and other such rich qualities, I need not decypher: onely it rests for mee to conclude in one word, that she is innocent. If then, Fortune who triumphs in variety of miseries, hath presented some enuious person (as minister of her intended stratageme) to taint Rosalind with any surmise of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirme his accusation by wit-

neſſes: which proued, let her die, and Alinda will execute the maſſacre. If none can auouch any confermed relation of her intent, vſe Iuſtice my Lord, it is the glory of a King, and let her line in your wonted fauour: for if you baniſh her, my ſelfe as a copartner of her hard fortunes, will participate in exile ſome part of her extremities.

Toriſmond (at this ſpeech of Alinda) couered his face with ſuch a frown, as tyranny ſeemed to ſit triumphant in his forehead, and checkt her vp with ſuch taunts, as made the Lords (that only were hearers) to tremble. Proud girle (quoth he) hath my loks made thee ſo light of tongue, or my fauours incouraged thee to bee ſo forward, that thou dareſt preſume to preach after thy Father? Hath not my peeres more experience then thy youth, and the winter of mine age deeper inſight into ciuill policie, then the prime of thy flouriſhing dayes? The old Lion auoides the toyles, where the young one leapes into the nette: the care of age is prouident, and foreſees much: ſuſpition is a vertue, where a man holdes his enemie in his boſome. Thou fond girle, meaſureſt all by preſent affection, and as thy heart loues, thy thoughts cenſure: but if thou knoweſt that in liking Roſalind, thou hatcheſt vp a bird to pecke out thine owne eyes, thou wouldeſt intreat as much for her abſence as thou delighteſt in her preſence. But why doe I alleadge policie to thee? ſit downe huſwife, and fall to your needle: if idlenes make you ſo wanton, or liberte ſo malipert, I can quickly tye you to a sharper talke: and you (mayd) this night be packing, either into Arden to your father, or whither beſt it ſhall content your humour, but in the Court you ſhall not abide. This rigorous replie of Toriſmond nothing amazed Alinda, for ſtill ſhe proſecuted her plea in the defence of Roſalind, wiſhing her Father (if his cenſure might not be reuerſt) that hee would appoynt her partner of her exile: which if he refuſed, either ſhe would by ſome ſecret meanes ſteale out and follow her, or elſe ende her dayes with ſome deſperate kind of death. When Toriſmond heard his daughter ſo reſolute, his heart was ſo hardned againſt her, that he ſet downe a definitiue & peremptory ſentence, that they ſhould both be baniſhed: which preſently was done. The tyrant rather chuſing to hazard the loſſe of his onely child, then any wayes to put in queſtion the ſtate of his kingdome: ſo ſuſpitious & fearefull is the conſcience of an vſurper. Well although his Lords perſwaded him to retaine his owne Daughter, yet his reſolution might not be reuerſt, but both of them muſt

muſt away from the Court, without either more companie or delay. In he went with great melancholy, and left theſe two Ladies alone: Roſalind waxed very ſad, and ſate downe and wept. Alinda ſhe ſmiled, and ſitting by her friend, began thus to comfort her.

Alindas comfort to perplexed *Roſalind.*

WHy how now Roſalind, diſmayd with a frowne of contrary fortune? Haue I not oft heard thée ſay, that high minds were diſcouered in fortunes contempt, and heroycall ſcéne in the depth of extremities? Thou wert wont to tell others that complained of diſtreſſe, that the ſweeteſt ſalue for miſery was patience, and the onely medicine for want, the precious implaiſter of content: being ſuch a good Phyſician to others, wilt thou not miniſter receits to thy ſelfe? But perchance thou wilt ſay:

Conſulenti nunquam caput doluit.

Why then, if the Patients that are ſicke of this diſeaſe, can finde in themſelues neither reaſon to perſwade, nor art to cure, yet (Roſalind) admit of the counſell of a friend, and apply the ſalues that may appeaſe thy paſſions. If thou grieueſt that being the daughter of a Prince, that enuie thwarts thée with ſuch hard exigents, thinke that royaltie is a faire marke, that Crownes haue croſſes when mirth is in cottages: they ſay the fairer the roſe is, the ſoner it is bitten with Caterpillers: the more orient the Pearle is, the more apt to take a blemiſh: and the greateſt birth, as it hath moſt honour, ſo it hath much enuie. If then fortune aimeth at the faireſt, be patient Roſalind: for, firſt by thine exile thou goeſt to thy father, nature is higher prized then wealth, and the loue of ones parents ought to be more precious then all dignities: why then doth my Roſalind grieue at the frowne of Torriſmond, who by offering her a preiudice, proffers her a greater pleaſure? and more (mad laſſe) to be melancholy, when thou haſt with thée Alinda, a friend, who will bee a faithfull copartner of all thy miſfortunes, who hath left her father to follow thée, and chuſeth rather to brooke all extremities, then to forſake thy preſence. What Roſalind:

Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris.

Thérely woman, as we haue béene bedfellowes in royalty, we will be fellow mates in pouertie: I will euer be thy Alinda, & thou ſhalt

euer rest to mée Rosalind, so shall the world canonize our friendship, and speake of Rosalind and Alinda, as they did of Pylades and Orestes. And if euer fortune smile, and wee returne to our former honour, then folding our selues in the sweet of our friendship, we shall merrily say (calling to minde our fore-passed miseries:)

Olim hæc meminisse iuuabit.

At this Rosalind began to comfort her, and after shee had wept a few kinde teares in the bosome of her Alinda, shee gaue her hearty thankes, and then they sate them downe to consult how they should trauell. Alinda grieued at nothing but that they might haue no man in their company, saying: it would bee their greatest prejudice, in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth Rosalind) art thou a woman and hast not a sodaine shift to preuent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparell of a Page, thou shalt be my Mistris, and I will play the man so properly, that (trust mee) in what company soeuer I come, I will not bee discouered: I will buy mée a sute, and haue a Rapier very handsomely at my side, and if any knaue offer wrong, your Page will shew him the point of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and vpon this they agreed, and presently gathered vp all their Iewels, which they trussed vp in a Casket, and Rosalind in all haste prouided her of robes, and Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalind, Ganimede: they trauelled along the Vineyards, and by many byewayes: at last got to the Forrest side, where they trauelled for the space of two or three dayes without seeing any creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and pained with many passionate sorrowes. Now the blacke Ore began to treade on their téete, and Alinda thought of her wonted royaltie: but when shee cast her eyes on her Rosalind, shee thought euery danger a step to honour. Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a Fountaine, compast with a groue of Cypresse trées, so cunningly and curiously planted, as if some Goddesse had intreated Nature in that place to make her an Arbour. By this Fountaine sate Aliena and her Ganimede, and forth they pulled such victuals as they had, and fed as merrily as if they had béene in Paris with all the Kings delicates: Aliena onely grieuing that they could not so much as méete with a shepheard, to discouer them the way to some place where they might

might make their abode. At last Ganimede casting vp his eye, espied where on a tree was ingrauen certaine verses: which assone as he espied, he cried out, be of good cheere Mistris, I spie the figures of men: for here in these trees be ingrauen certaine verses of Shepheards, or some other Swaines that inhabite hereabout. With that Aliena start vp ioyfully to heare these newes, and loked, where they found in the barke of a tree this passion.

Montanus passion.

HAdst thou beene borne whereas perpetuall cold
Makes *Tanais* hard, and mountaines siluer old:
Had I complaind vnto a marble stone,
Or to the flouds bewrayd my bitter mone,
I then could beare the burthen of my griefe:
But euen the pride of Countries at thy birth,
Whilest heauen did smile, did new array the earth,
with flowers chiefe.
Yet thou the flower of beauty blessed borne,
Hast pretie lookes, but all attirde in scorne.

Had I the power to weepe sweet *Myrrhas* teares,
Or by my teares to pierce repining eares:
Hadst thou the heart to smile at my complaint,
To scorne the woes that doth my heart attaint,
I then could beare the burthen of my griefe:
But not my teares, but truth with thee preuailes,
And seeming sowre thy sorrowes thee assailes:
yet small reliefe.
For if thou wilt, thou art of marble hard:
And if thou please, my suite shall soone be heard.

No doubt (quoth Aliena) this poesie is the passion of some perplexed shepheard, that being enamored of some faire and beautifull Shepheardesse, suffered some sharpe repulse, and therefore complained of the crueltie of his Mistris. You may see (quoth Ganimede) what mad cattell you women bee, whose hearts sometime are made of Adamant, that will touch with no impression, and sometime of

ware, that is fit for euery forme: they delight to be courted, and then they glory to seeme coy, and when they are most desired, then they freeze with disdaine: and this fault is so common to that sexe, that you see it painted out in the Shepheards passions, who found his Phillis as froward, as hee was enamoured. And I pray you (quoth Aliena.) if your robes were off, what metall are you made of, that you are so satyricall against women? Is it not a foule bird defiles the owne nest? Beware (Ganimede) that Rosader heare you not, if hee doe, perchance you will make him leape so farre from loue, that hee will anger euery veyne in your heart. Thus (quoth Ganimede) I keepe decorum, I speake now as I am Alienas Page, not as I am Gerismonds daughter: for put me but into a peticoat, and I will stand in defiance, to the bittermost, that women are curteous, constant, vertuous, and what not. Stay there (quoth Aliena) and no more, for ponder be characters grauen vpon the barke of a Beech tree: let vs see (quoth Ganimede) and with that they read a sonne written to this effect.

First shall the heauens want starry light,
The seas be robbed of their waues:
The day want Sunne, and Sunne want bright,
The night want shade, the dead men graues.
The Aprill flowers, and leafe, and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the top of highest hills,
By humble plaines be ouerpride,
And Poets scorne the Muses quills,
And fish forsake the water glide.
And *Iris* lose her coloured weed,
Before I faile thee at thy need.

First direfull hate shall turne to peace,
And loue relent in deepe disdaine,
And death his fatall stroke shall cease,
And enuie pitie euery paine,
And pleasure mourne, and sorrow smile,
Before I talke of any guile.

First

First Time shall stay his stailesse race,
And winter blesse his browes with corne,
And Snow bemoisten Iulies face,
And winter spring, and summer mourne,
Before my penne by helpe of fame,
Cease to recite thy sacred name.

Montanus.

No doubt (quoth Ganimede) this protestation grew from one full of passions. I am of that minde tw (quoth Aliena) but sée I pray, when poore women séeke to kéepe themselues chaste, how men woo them with many fained promises, alluring with swéete words as the Syrens, and after proouing as trothlesse as Æneas. Thus promised Demophoon to his Phillis, but who at last grew more false: The reason was (quoth Ganimede) that they were Womens sonnes, and tooke the fault of thir mother, for if man had growne from man, as Adam did from the earth, men had neuer béene troubled with inconstancie. Leaue off (quoth Aliena) to taunt thus bitterly, or els Ile pull off your Pages apparell and whip you, as Venus doth her wantons with nettles. So you will (quoth Ganimede) perswade mé to flatteries, and that néds not, but come, séeing wé haue found héere by this Font, the tract of Shepheards by their Madrigals, and Roundelayes, let vs forward, for either wé shall finde some foldes, shépecoates or else some cottage, wherein for a day or two to rest. Content (quoth Aliena) and with that they rose vp, and marched forward till toward the euen: and then comming into a faire valley compassed with mountaines, whereon grew many pleasant shrubs, they might descry where two flockes of shéepe did féede.

Then loking about, they might perceiue where one olde Shepheard sate, and with him a young swaine, vnder a couert most pleasantly scituated. The ground where they sate was diapred with Floras riches, as shé meant to wrappe Tellus in the glory of her vestments: round about in forme of an Amphitheator, were most curiously planted Pine trées, interseamed with Limons and Citrons,

which

which with the thickneſſe of their boughs, ſo ſhadowed the place, that Phœbus could not pry into the ſecrets of that Arbor, ſo united were the tops of ſo thicked a cloſure, that Venus might there in her iollity, haue dallied vnſeene with her deereſt paramor: faſt by (to make the place more gorgeous) was there a Font ſo chriſtaline and cleere, that it ſeemed Diana with her Driades, and Hemidriades, had that ſpring as the ſecret of all their bathings. In this glorious Arbor ſate theſe two Shepheards, ſeeing their ſheepe feede, playing on their pypes many pleaſant tunes, and from muſicke and melody falling into ſuch amorous chat, drawing more nigh, wee might deſcrie the countenance of the one to bee full of ſorrow: his face to bee the very portraiture of diſcontent, and his eyes full of woes, that liuing he ſeemed to die: we (to ſee what theſe two were) ſtole priuily behind the thick, where we ouer heard this diſcourſe.

A pleaſant Eglogue betweene Montanus *and* Coridon.

Coridon.

SAy ſhepheards boy, what makes thee greet ſo ſore,
Why leaues thy pype his pleaſure and delight?
Young are thy yeares, thy cheekes with Roſes dight,
Then ſing for ioy (ſweete ſwayne) and ſigh no more.

This milke-white Poppy and this climbing Pine,
Both promiſe ſhade then ſit thee downe and ſing,
And make theſe woods with pleaſant notes to ring,
Till Phœbus daine all Weſtward to decline.

Montanus.

Ah (*Coridon*) vnmeete is melodie
To him whom proud contempt hath ouerborne:
Slaine are my ioyes by Phœbus bitter ſcorne,
Far hence my weale, and neere my ieopardie.

Loues burning brand is couched in my breaſt,
Making a *Phœnix* of my faithfull heart,
And though his fury doe inforce my ſmart,
Ah blith am I to honour his beheſt.

Prepard

Prepar'd to woes ſince ſo my Phebe wills,
My lookes diſmaid ſince Phebe will diſdaine:
I baniſh bliſſe and welcome home my paine,
So ſtreames my teares as ſhowers from Alpine hils.

In errors maske I blindfold iudgements eye,
I fetter reaſon in the ſnares of luſt:
I ſeeme ſecure, yet know not how to truſt,
I liue by that which makes me liuing die.

Deuoide of reſt companion of diſtreſſe,
Plague to my ſelfe, conſumed by my thought:
How may my voice or pipe in tune be brought,
Since I am reft of ſolace and delight?

Coridon.

Ah lorrel Lad, what makes thee her to loue,
A ſugred harme, a poiſon full of pleaſure:
A painted ſhrine fullfil'd with rotten treaſure,
A heauen in ſhew, a hell to them that proue.

A gaine in ſeeming ſhadowed ſtill with want,
A broken ſtaffe which follie doth vphold:
A flower that fades with euery froſtie cold,
An Orient Roſe ſprung from a withered plant.

A minutes ioy, to gaine a world of griefe:
A ſubtill net to ſnare the idle minde:
A ſeeming Scorpion, yet in ſeeming blind,
A poore reioyce, a plague without reliefe.

For thee *Montanus* follow mine areede,
Whom age hath taught the traines that fancy vſeth:
Leaue fooliſh loue, for beauty wit abuſeth,
And drownes (by folly) vertues ſpringing ſeede.

Montanus.

So blames the child the flame, becauſe it burnes,

And bird the ſnare, becauſe it doth entrap:
And fooles true loue, becauſe of ſorry hap,
And ſailers curſe the ſhip that ouerturnes.

But would the child forbeare to play with flame,
And birds beware to truſt the foulers gin:
And fooles foreſee before they fall and ſin,
And maiſters guide their ſhips in better frame.

The child would praiſe the fire becauſe it warmes,
And birds reioyce to ſee the fouler faile:
And fooles preuent, before their plagues preuaile,
And ſailers bleſſe the barkes that ſaue from harmes.

Ah *Coridon*, though many be thy yeeres,
And crooked olde hath ſome experience left:
Yet is thy minde of iudgement quite bereft,
In view of loue, whoſe power in me appeares,

The Plough-man little wots to turne the pen,
Or booke-man skils to guide the plough-mans cart:
Nor can the Cobler count the tearmes of art,
Nor baſe men iudge the thoughts of mighty men.

Nor withered age (vnmeete for beauties guide,
Vncapable of loues impreſſion)
Diſcourſe of that, whoſe choiſe poſſeſſion,
May neuer to ſo baſe a man betide.

But I (whom nature makes of tender molde,
And youth moſt pliant yeelds to fancies fire)
Do build my hauen and heauen on ſweet deſire:
On ſweet deſire more deare to me then gold.

Thinke I of loue, Oh how my lines aſpire,
Haſt thou the Muſes to imbrace my browes,
And hem my temples in with Lawrell bowes,
And fill my braines with chaſte and holy fire.

Then

Then leaue my lines their homely equipage,
Mounted beyond the circle of the Sunne:
Amaz'd I read the ſtile when I haue done,
And her I loue that ſent that heauenly rage.

Of Phebe then, of Phebe then I ſing,
Drawing the puritie of all the ſpheares,
The pride of earth, or what in heauen appeares,
Her honoured face, and fame to light to bring.

In fluent numbers and in pleaſant vaines,
I robbe both ſea and earth of all their ſtate,
To praiſe her parts, I charme both time and fate,
To bleſſe the Nimph that yeelds me loueſicke paines.

My ſheepe are turnd to thoughts, whom froward will,
Guides in the Labyrinth of reſtleſſe loue,
Feare lends them paſture whereſoere they moue,
And by their death their life renounceth ſtill.

My ſheep-hooke is my pen, mine oaten reede
My paper, where my many woes are written,
Thus ſillie ſwaine (with loue and fancy bitten)
I trace the plaints of paine in woſull weede.

Yet are my cares, my broken ſleepes, my teares,
My dreames, my doubt, for Phebe ſweet to me:
Who waiteth heauen in ſorrowes vale muſt be,
And glorie ſhines where danger moſt appeares.

Then *Coridon* although I blithe me not,
Blame me not man, ſince ſorrow is my ſweet,
So willeth loue, and Phebe thinkes it meete,
And kinde *Montanus* liketh well his lot.

Coridon.

Oh ſtayleſſe youth, by errour ſo miſguided,
Where will preſcribeth lawes to perfect wits,

Where reaſon mournes, and blame in triumph ſits,
And folly poiſoneth all that time prouided.

With wilfull blindneſſe bleard, prepard to ſhame,
Prone to neglect occaſion when ſhe ſmiles:
Alas that loue by fond and froward guiles,
Should make thee tract the path to endleſſe blame.

Ah (my *Montanus*) curſed is the charme,
That hath bewitched ſo thy youthfull eyes:
Leaue off in time, to like theſe vanities,
Be forward to thy good, and flee thy harme.

As many Bees as *Hibla* daily ſhields,
As many frie as fleete on Oceans face,
As many heards as on the earth doe trace,
As many flowers as decke the fragrant fields.

As many ſtarres as glorious heauen containes,
As many ſtormes as wayward winter weepes,
As many plagues as hell incloſed keepes:
So many griefes in loue, ſo many paines.

Suſpicion, thoughts, deſires, opinions, prayers,
Miſlikes, miſdeeds, fond ioyes, and fained peace,
Illuſions, dreames, great paines, and ſmall increaſe,
Vowes, hope, acceptance, ſcornes, and deepe deſpaires.

Truce, warre, and woe, doe waite at beauties gate:
Time loſt, laments, reports, and priuie grudge,
And laſt, fierce Loue is but a partiall Iudge,
Who yeelds for ſeruice, ſhame: for friendſhip, hate.

Montanus.

All adder-like I ſtop mine eares (fond ſwaine)
So charme no more, for I will neuer change,
Call home thy flocke betime that ſtragling range,
For loe, the Sunne declineth hence amaine.

Terentius

Terentius.

In amore hæc insunt vitia: iniurgia, inimicitiæ, bellum, pax rursum: incerta hæc si tu postules, ratione certa fieri, nihilo plus agas, quam si des operam, vt cum ratione insanias.

The Shepheards thus hauing ended their Eglogue, Aliena stept with Ganimede from behind the thicket: at whose suddaine sight the Shepheards rose and Aliena saluted them thus: Shepheards all haile (for such wée deeme you by your flockes) and louers good luck, (for such you séeme by your passions) our eyes being witnesse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by loue, yet by fortune I am a distressed Gentlewoman, as sorrowful as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you are of perplexed thoughts: wandring this way in a forrest vnknowne, onely I and my Page, wearied with trauell, would faine haue some place of rest. May you appoint vs any place of quiet harbour (bée it neuer so meane) I shall be thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whomsoeuer shall be mine Host. Coridon hearing the Gentlewoman to speake so curteously, returned her mildly and reuerently this answere.

Faire Mistris, wée returne you as hearty welcome as you gaue vs a curteous salute. A Shepheard I am, and this a Louer, as watchfull to please his wench as to feede his sheepe: full of fancies, and therefore say I, full of follies. Perhaps him I may, but perswade him I cannot, for loue admits neither of counsaile nor reason. But leauing him to his passions, if you bée distrest, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost with calamitie: pray for you I may, but relieue you I cannot: marry if you want lodging, if you vouchsafe to shroud your selues in a Shepheards cottage, my house for this night shall bée your harbour. Aliena thankt Coridon greatly, and presently sate her downe, and Ganimede by her. Coridon loking earnestly vpon her, and with a courteous survey viewing all her perfections, applauded in his thought her excellence, and pitying her distresse, as desirous to know the cause of her misfortunes, beganne to question with her thus.

If I should not (faire Damosell) occasionate offence, or renew your griefes by rubbing the scar, I would faine craue so much fauor as to know the cause of your misfortunes: and why, and whether you wander with your Page in so dangerous a Forrest? Aliena

(that was as curteous as shée was faire) made this reply? Shepheard, a friendly demaund ought neuer to be offensiue, and questions of curtesie carry priuiledged pardons in their foreheads. Know therefore, to discouer my fortunes were to renew my sorrowes, and I should, by discoursing my mishaps, but take fire out of the cinders. Therefore let this suffice gentle Shepheard, my distresse is as great, as my trauaile is dangerous, and I wander in this Forrest to light on some cottage where I and my Page may dwell: for I meane to buy some Farme, and a flocke of sheepe, to become a Shepheardesse, meaning to liue low, and content me with a country life: for I haue heard the Swaines say, that they drunke without suspicion, & slept without care. Marry mistris (quoth Coridon) if you meane so, you come in good time: for my Landlord intends to sell both the farme I till, and the flocke I keepe, and cheape you may haue them for ready money: and for the Shepheards life (oh Mistris) did you but liue a while in their content, you would say the Court were rather a place of sorrow then of solace. Here Mistris shall not fortune thwart you, but in meane misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breeds beggerie, so it can bée no extreame preiudice: the next yere may mend all with a fresh encrease. Enuie stirres not vs, we couet not to climbe, our desires mount not aboue our degrees, nor our thoughts aboue our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers: as we exceede not in diet, so wée haue enough to satisfie: and Mistris, I haue so much Latin, *Satis quod est sufficit.*

By my truth Shepheard (quoth Aliena) thou makest mé in loue, with thy Country life, and therefore send for thy Landlord, and I will buy thy Farme and thy flocks, and thou shalt still vnder mé, be ouerseer of them both: onely for pleasure sake I and my Page will serue you, leade the flocks to the field, and fold them: thus will I liue quiet, vnknowne, and contented. The newes so gladded the heart of Coridon, that he should neuer bée put out of his Farme, that putting off his Shepheards bonnet, he did her all the reuerence he might. But all this while sate Montanus in a muse, thinking of the cruelty of his Phebe, whom hée woed long, but was in hope to winne. Ganimede, who still had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughts, take delight to sée the poore Shepheard passionate, laughing at loue, that in all his actions was so imperious. At last when she had noted

his

his teares that ſtole downe his cheeks, and his ſighs that broke from the center of his heart, pittying his lament, ſhee demaunded of Coridon why the young ſhepheard looked ſo ſorrowfull? Oh ſir (quoth he) the boy is in loue. Why (quoth Ganimede) can ſhepheards loue? I (quoth Montanus) and ouerloue, elſe ſhouldſt not thou ſée mée ſo penſiue. Loue I tell thee is as precious in a ſhepheards eye, as in the lookes of a King, and we country ſwaines entertaine fancie with as great delight, as the proudeſt Courtier doth affection. Opportunitie (that is the ſweeteſt friend to Venus) harboreth in our cottages, and loyaltie (the chiefe fealtie that Cupid requireth) is found more among ſhepheards then higher degrees. Then aſke not if ſuch ſilly ſwaines can loue. What is the cauſe then quoth Ganimede that loue being ſo ſwéet to thée, thou lookeſt ſo ſorrowfull? Becauſe (quoth Montanus) the partie beloued is froward: and hauing curteſie in her lookes, holdeth diſdaine in her tongues end. What hath ſhe then (quoth *Aliena*) in hart? deſire I hope Madam (quoth he) or elſe my hope is loſt, diſpaire in loue were date. As thus they chatted, the ſunne being ready to ſet, and they not hauing folded their ſheepe, Coridon requeſted ſhe would ſit there with her Page, till Montanus and he lodged their ſheepe for that night. You ſhall goe, quoth *Aliena*, but firſt I will intreat Montanus to ſing ſome amorous ſonnet, that hee made when hee had béene deepely paſſionate. That I will quoth Montanus, and with that he beganne thus.

Montanus.

Phebe ſate,
Sweet ſhee ſate:
Sweet ſate Phebe when I ſaw her.
White her brow,
Coy her eye:
Brow and eye how much you pleaſe me.
Words I ſpent,
Sighes I ſpent:
Sighes and words could neuer draw her.
Oh my loue,
Thou art loſt:
Since no fight could euer eaſe thee,

Phebe

Phebe ſate,
By a fount:
Sitting by a fount I ſpide her.
Sweet her touch,
Rare her voice,
Touch and voyce, what may diſtaine you?
As ſhe ſung,
I did ſigh.
And by ſighs whilſt I tride her.
Oh mine eyes,
You did looſe:
Her firſt ſight whoſe want did paine you."

Phebes flockes,
White as Wooll?
Yet were Phebes lookes more whiter.
Phebes eyes
Doue-like milde:
Doue-like eyes, both milde and cruell.
Montan ſweares
In your lap,
He will die for to delight her.
Phebe yeeld,
Or I die.

Shall true harts be fancies fuell?

Montanus had no ſooner ended this Sonnet, but Coridon with a low curteſie roſe vp, and went with his fellow, and ſhut their ſhape in the foldes: and after returning to Aliena and Ganimede, conducted them home wearie to his poore cottage. By the way there was much good, that with Montanus about his loue: he reſoluing Aliena, that Phebe was the faireſt Shepheardeſſe in all France, and that in his eye, her beauty was equall to the Nimphes.

But quoth he, as of all ſtones, the Diamond is the cleereſt, and yet moſt hard for the Lapidarie to cut, as of al flowers the roſe is the faireſt, and yet guarded with the ſharpeſt prickles: ſo of all our countrie Laſſes, Phebe is the brighteſt, but the moſt coy of all to ſtoope vnto deſire. But let her take heed, quoth he, I haue heard of Narciſſus,

who

who for his high disdaine against loue, perished in the folly of his owne lone. With this they were at Coridons Cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Alinda and Ganimede, glad of so contented a shelter, made merrie with the poore Swaine, and though they had but Country fare, and course lodging, yet their welcome was so great, and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had bene in the Court of Torismond.

The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearied with the toyle of vnaccustomed trauell: but as sone as they got vp, Alinda resolued there to set vp their rest, and by the helpe of Coridon, swapt a bargaine with his Landlord, and so became a Mistresse of the farme and of the flocke: her selfe putting on the attire of a Shepheardesse, and Ganimede of a young Swaine: euery day leading forth her flocks, with such delight, that shee held her exile happie, and thought no content to the blisse of a Country Cottage. Leauing her thus famous amongst the Shepheards of Arden, againe to Saladine.

When Saladine had a long while concealed a secret resolution of reuenge, and could no longer hide fire in the flaxe, nor Oyle in the flame: (for enuie is like lightning, that will appeare in the darkest fogge.) It chanced in a morning very early, he cald vp certaine of his seruants, and went with them to the chamber of Rosader, which being open, he entred with his crue, and surprised his brother when he was a sleepe, and bound him in fetters, and in the midst of his Hall chained him to a post. Rosader amazed at this strange chance, began to reason with his brother about the cause of this sudden extremity, wherein he had wronged, and what fault he had committed worthy so sharpe a penance. Saladine answered him onely with a looke of disdaine, and went his way, leauing poore Rosader in a deep perplexity. Who thus abused, fell into sundry passions, but no meanes of reliefe could be had: whereupon for anger he grew into a discontented melancholy; In which humor he continued two or three dayes without meate: insomuch that seeing his brother would giue him no food, hee fell into dispaire of his life. Which Adam Spencer the olde Seruant of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux seeing, touched with the dutie and lone he had to his old Master, felt a remorse in his conscience of his sonnes mishap. And therfore although Saladine had giuen a generall charge to his seruants, that none of them vpon paine of death, should

giue either meat or drinke to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night rose secretly, and brought him such victuals as he could provide, and vnlockt him, and set him at liberty.

After Rosader had well feasted himselfe, and felt hée was loose, straight his thoughs aymed at reuenge, and now (all being asléepe) he would haue quit Saladine with the method of his owne mischiefe: but Adam Spencer did perswade him to the contrary with these reasons: Sir (quoth he) be content for this night, go againe to your old fetters, so shall you try the faith of friends, and saue the life of an old seruant. To morrow hath your brother inuited all your kindred and allyes to a solemne breakfast, onely to see you, telling them that you are mad, and faine to be tyed to a post. As soone as they come, complaine to them of the abuse proffered you by Saladine. If they redresse you, why so, but if they passe ouer your plaints, *sicco pede*, and hold with the violence of your brother before your innocency, then thus. I will leaue you vnlockt, that you may breake out at your pleasure, and at the end of the hall you shall sée stand a couple of good Pollaxes, one for you, and another for me. When I giue you a winke, shake off your chaines, and let vs play the men, and make hauock amongst them, drive them out of the house, and maintaine possession by force of armes, till the King haue made a redresse of your abuses.

These words of Adam Spencer so perswaded Rosader, that hée went to the place of his punishment, and stood there while the next morning. About the time appointed, came all the guests bidden by Saladine, whom hée intreated with courteous and curious entertainment, as they all perceiued their welcome to be great. The tables in the hall where Rosader was tyed, were couered and Saladine bringing in his guests together, shewed thē where his brother was bound, and was inchaind as a man lunatike. Rosader made reply, and with some inuectiues made complaints of the wrongs proffered him by Saladine, desiring they would in pitie seeke some meanes for his relieke. But in vaine, they had stopt their eares with Vlysses, that were his words neuer so forcible, he breathed only his passions to ẏ wind. They careleſſe sate downe with Saladine to dinner, being very frolike and pleasant, washing their heads well with wine. At last, when the fume of the grape had entred pel-mell into their braines, they began in satyrical speeches to raile against Rosader: which Adam no longer brooking, gaue the signe, and Rosader shaking off the chaines,

got

got a pollaxe in his hand, and flew amongſt them with ſuch violence and fury, that he hurt many, ſlue ſome, and draue his brother, and all the reſt quite out of the houſe. Seeing the coaſt cleare, he ſhut the doore, and being ſore an hungred, and ſeeing ſuch good victuals, he ſate him downe with Adam Spencer, and ſuch good fellowes as he knew were honeſt men, and there feaſted themſelues with ſuch proniſion as Saladine had prepared for his friends. After they had taken their repaſt, Roſader rampired vp the houſe, leaſt vpon a ſuddaine his brother ſhould raiſe ſome crue of his tenants, and ſurprize them vnawares. But Saladine tooke a contrary courſe, and went to the Sheriffe of the ſhire, and made complaint of Roſader, who giuing credite to Saladine, in a determined reſolution to reuenge the gentlemans wrongs, tooke with him ſiue and twentie tall men, and made a vow, either to breake into the houſe and take Roſader, or elſe to cope him in till he made him yeld by famine. In this determination, gathering a crew together, hee went forward to ſet Saladine in his former eſtate. Newes of this was brought to Roſader, who ſmiling at the cowardize of his brother, brooked all the iniuries of fortune with patience, expecting the comming of the Sheriffe. As he walkt vpon the battlements of the houſe, he deſcried where Saladine and he drew neere, with a troope of luſtie gallants. At this he ſmild, & called Adam Spencer, and ſhewed him the enuious trecherie of his brother, and the follie of the Sheriffe, to be ſo credulous: now Adam quoth he, what ſhall I doe? It reſts in me, either to yeld vp the houſe to my brother, and ſeeke a reconcilement, or elſe iſſue out, and breake through the companie with courage: for kept in like a coward, I will not bee. If I ſubmit (ah Adam) I diſhonour my ſelfe, and that is worſe then death, for by ſuch open diſgraces the fame of men growes odious: if I iſſue out againſt them, fortune may fauor me, and that I may eſcape with life: but ſuppoſe the worſt, if I bee ſlaine, then my death ſhall be honorable to me, & ſo vnequall a reuenge infamous to Saladine. Why then maiſter forward, and feare not, out amongſt them, they be but faint hearted lozels: and for Adam Spencer if he die not at your feets, ſay he is a baſtard. Theſe words cheered vp ſo the heart of young Roſader, that he thought himſelfe ſufficient for them all, and therefore prepared weapons for him and Adam Spencer, and were readie to entertaine the Sheriffe: for no ſooner came Saladine and he to the gates, but Roſader vnlookt for, leapt out, and

aſſailed them, wounded many of them, and cauſed the reſt to giue backe, ſo that Adam and hee broke through the preaſe in diſpight of them all, and toke their way towards the forreſt of Arden. Lois repulſe ſo ſet the Sheriffes heart on fire to reuenge, that he ſtraight raiſed all the countrey, and made Hue and Cry after them. But Roſader and Adam, knowing full well the ſecret wayes that led through the Vineyards, ſtole away priuily through the Prouince of Burdeaux, and eſcaped ſafe to the forreſt of Arden. Being come thither, they were glad they had ſo good a harbor: for fortune (who is like the Cemelion) variable with euery obiect, and conſtant in nothing but inconſtancie, thought to make them mirrors of mutabilitie, and therefore ſtill croſt them thus contrarily. Thinking ſtill to paſſe on by the by-wayes to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into the thicke of the forreſt, where they wandered fiue or ſixe dayes without meat, that they were almoſt famiſhed, finding neither ſhepheard nor cottage to relieue them: and hunger growing on ſo extreame, Adam Spencer (being old) began to faint, and ſetting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, eſpied where Roſader lay as feeble and as ill perplexed: which ſight made him ſhedde teares, and to fall into theſe bitter tearmes,

Adam Spencers ſpeech.

O! how the life of man may wel be compared to the ſtate of the Ocean ſeas, that for euerie calme hath a thouſand ſtormes, reſembling the Roſe tree, that for a few flowers, hath a multitude of ſharpe prickles: all our pleaſures ende in paine, and our higheſt delights are croſſed with deepeſt diſcontents. The ioyes of man, as they are few ſo are they momentarie, ſcarſe ripe before they are rotten: and withering in the bloſſome, either parched with the heate of enuie or fortune. Fortune, oh inconſtant friende, that in all thy deedes art froward and fickle, delighting in the ouerthrow of the loweſt, and the ouerthrow of the higeſt, to diſcipher thy inconſtancie: Thou ſtandeſt vpon a globe, and thy wings are plumed with Times feathers, that thou maiſt neuer be reckiede: thou art double faced like Ianus, carrying frownes in the one to threaten, and ſmiles in the other to betray, thou proffereſt an Eele, & performeſt a Scorpion, and where thy greateſt fauours bee, there is the feare of the extreameſt miſſor-

misfortunes, so variable are all thy actions. But why (Adam) dost thou exclaime against fortune? shée laughes at the plaints of the distressed: and there is nothing more pleasing to her, then to heare fooles boast in her fading allurements, or sorowfull men to discouer the sowre of their passions. Glut her not Adam then with content, but thwart her with brooking all mishaps with patience. For there is no greater checke to the pride of fortune, then with a resolute courage to passe ouer her crosses without care. Thou art old, Adam, and thy haires ware white, the Palme tree is already full of blomes, and in the furrowes of thy face appeares the Callenders of death. Wert thou blessed by fortune, thy yeares could not bée many, nor the date of thy life long: then sith nature must haue her due, what is it for vs to resigne her debt a little before the day. Ah it is not this which grieueth me, nor doe I care what mishaps fortune can wage against me: but the sight of Rosader, that galleth vnto the quicke. When I remember the worships of his house, the honour of his fathers, and the vertues of himselfe: then doe I say, that fortune and fates are most iniurious, to censure so hard extreames, against a youth of so great hope. Oh Rosader, thou art in the flower of thine age, and in the pride of thine yeares, buxome and full of May. Nature hath prodigally inricht thee with her fauors, and vertue made thée the myrror of her excellence: and now through the decrée of the vnsure starrs, to haue all these good parts nipt in the blade, and blemisht by the inconstancie of fortune: Ah Rosader, could I helpe thée, my griefe were the lesse, and happy should my death bée, if it might bée the beginning of thy reliefe: but séeing wée perish both in one extreame, it is a double sorrow. What shall I doe? preuent the sight of his further misfortune, with a present dispatch of mine owne life. Ah, despaire is a mercilesse sinne.

As he was readie to goe forward in his passion, he loked earnestly on Rosader, and séeing him change colour, hée rose vp and went to him, and holding his temples, said: what chéere maister? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these words Rosader lifted vp his eyes, and loking on Adam Spencer, began to wéepe. Ah Adam quoth he, I sorrow not to die, but I grieue at the manner of my death. Might I with my launce encounter the enemie, and so die in the field, it were honor and content: might I (Adam) combat with some wilde

beaſt, & periſh as his prey: I were ſatiſfied, but to die with hunger: Oh Adam, it is the extreameſt of all extreames. Maiſter (quoth he) you ſée we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot liue without meate: ſéeing therefore wée can find no foode, let the death of the one preſerue the life of the other, I am old, and ouer-wome with age, you are young, and are the hope of many honours, let me then die, I will preſently cut my veynes: and maiſter, with the warme blood, relieue your fainting ſpirits, ſuck on that till I end, and you bée comforted. With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife: when Roſader full of courage, though very faint, roſe vp, and wiſht Adam Spencer to ſit there till his returne: for my mind gines me, quoth he, I ſhall bring thée meate. With that, like a mad man he roſe vp, and ranged vp and downe the woods, ſéeking to encounter ſome wild beaſt with his rapier, that either he might carrie his friend Adam food, or elſe pledge his life in pawne of his loyaltie. It hapned that day, that Geriſmond the lawfull King of France, baniſhed by Toriſmond, who with a luſtie crew of outlawes lined in that Foreſt, that day in honour of his birth, made a feaſt to all his bolde yeomen, and frolicht it with ſtore of wine and veniſon, ſitting all at a long table vnder the ſhadow of Limon trées: to that place by chance fortune conducted Roſader, who ſéeing ſuch a crew of braue men, hauing ſtore of that, for want of which hee and Adam periſhed, hee ſtept boldly to the bands end, and ſaluted the Company thus.

Whatſoeuer thou be that art maiſter of theſe luſtie ſquires, I ſalute thée as graciouſly, as a man in extreame diſtreſſe may: knowe that I and a fellow friend of mine, are here famiſhed in the foreſt for want of foode: periſh we muſt, vnleſſe relieued by thy fauours. Therefore if thou be a Gentleman, giue meate to men, and ſuch as are euery way worthie of life, let the proudeſt Squire that ſits at thy table riſe and encounter with me in any honorable point of actiuitie whatſoeuer, and if he and thou proue me not a man, ſend mee away comfortleſſe, if thou refuſe this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will haue amongſt you with my ſword, for rather will I die valiantly, then periſh with ſo cowardly an extreame. Geriſmond looking him earneſtly in the face, and ſéeing ſo proper a Gentleman in ſo bitter a paſſion, was moued with ſo great pitie, that riſing from the table, hée tooke him by the hande, and bade him welcome, willing him to ſite downe in his place, and in his roome, not onely to eate his fill, but as

Lord

Lord of the feaſt. Gramercy ſir (quoth Roſader) but I haue a feeble friend that lies heereby famiſhed almoſt for foode, aged, and therefore leſſe able to abide the extremity of hunger then my ſelfe, & diſhonour it were for mée to taſte one crum, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therfore will I run and fetch him, & then I will gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Roſader to Adam Spencer, & tells him the newes, who was glad of ſo happy fortune, but ſo feeble he was that he could not goe: whereupon Roſader got him vpon his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Geriſmond and his men ſaw, they greatly applauded their league of friendſhip: and Roſader hauing Geriſmonds place aſſigned him, would not ſit there himſelfe, but ſet downe Adam Spencer. Well, to be ſhort, thoſe hungry ſquires fell to their victuals, & feaſted themſelues with good delicates, and great ſtore of wine. Aſſone as they had taken their repaſt, Geriſmond deſirous to heare what hard fortune driue them into thoſe bitter extremities, requeſted Roſader to diſcourſe, (if it were not any way preiudiciall vnto him) the cauſe of his trauell. Roſader deſirous any way to ſatiſfie the curteſie of his fauourable Hoſt, firſt beginning his exordium with a volly of ſighs, and a few luke-warme teares, proſecuted his diſcourſe, & told him from point to point all his fortunes, how he was the youngeſt ſonne of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, his name Roſader, how his brother ſundry times had wronged him, and laſtly, how for beating the Sheriffe, and hurting his men he fled: and this old man (quoth he) whom I doe much loue and honour, is ſurnamed Adam Spencer, an old ſeruant of my Fathers, and one (that for his loue) neuer failed me in all my miſfortunes. When Geriſmond heard this, he fell on the necke of Roſader, and next diſcourſing vnto him, how he was Geriſmond their lawfull King, exiled by Toriſmond, what familiarity had euer béene betwixt his father Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, and him, how faithfull a ſubiect he liued, & how honourably he died: promiſing for his ſake, to giue both him and his friend ſuch curteous entertainment, as his preſent eſtate could miniſter: and vpon this made him one of his Forreſters.

Roſader ſéeing it was the King, craued pardon for his boldneſſe, in that he did not doe him due reuerence, & humbly gaue him thanks for his fauourable curteſie. Geriſmond not ſatiſfied yet with newes, began to enquire if hee had béene lately in the Court of Toriſmond, and whether hee had ſeene his daughter Roſalind or no. At this

Roſader.

Rosader fetcht a great sigh, and shedding many teares, could not answere: yet at last, gathering his spirits together, he reuealed to the King how Rosalind was banished, and how there was such a sympathie of affections betwixt Alinda and her, that she chose rather to bee partaker of her exile, then to part fellowship: whereupon the vnnaturall King banished them both: and now they are wandred, none knowes whither, neither could any learne since their departure, the place of their abode. This newes drawe the King into a great melancholy, that presently he arose from all the company, and went into his priuy chamber, so secret as the harbour of the woods would allow him. The company was all dasht at these tidings, and Rosader and Adam Spencer, hauing such opportunity, went to take their rest. Where we leaue them, and returne againe to Torismond.

The sight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing that Saladine was sole heire of the lands of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, desirous to possesse such faire reuenues, found iust occasion to quarrel with Saladine, about the wrongs he proffered to his brother: and therefore dispatching a Herault, hee sent for Saladine in all post haste, who marueiling what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein he had offended his highnesse: but imboldned with his innocency, hee boldly went with the Herault vnto the Court. Where as soone as hee came, hee was not admitted vnto the presence of the King, but presently sent to prison. This greatly amazed Saladine, chiefly in that the Iayler had streight charge ouer him, to see that he should be close prisoner. Many passionate thoughts came in his head, till at last he began to fall into consideration of his former follies, and to meditate with himselfe. Leaning his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, full of sorrow, griefe, and disquieted passions, he resolued into these tearmes.

Saladines complaint.

VNhappy Saladine, whom folly hath led to these misfortunes, and wanton desires wrapt within the Labyrinth of these calamities. Are not the Heauens doomers of mens deeds? And holds not God a ballance in his fist, to reward with fauour, and reuenge with iustice? Oh Saladine, the faults of thy youth, as they were fond, so were they foule: and not onely discouering little nurture, but blemishing the excellency of nature. Whelpes of one litter are euer most

louing

touing, and Brothers that are sonnes of one Father, should line in friendship without iarre. Oh Saladine, so it should bée: but thou hast with the Déere fedde against the wind, with the Crab stroue against the streame, and sought to preuent nature by vnkindnesse. Rosaders wrongs, the wrongs of Rosader (Saladine) crues for reuenge, his youth pleades to GOD to inflict some pennance vpon thée, his vertues are pleas that inforce writs of displeasure to crosse thée: Thou hast highly abused thy kind and naturall brother, and the Heauens cannot spare to quit thée of punishment. There is no sting to the worme of cõscience, no hel to a mind touched with guilt. Euery wrong I offered him (called now to remembrance) wringeth a droppe of blood from my heart: euery badde looke, euery frowne pincheth me at the quicke, and sayes, Saladine, thou hast sinned against Rosader, Be penitent, and assigne thy selfe some pennance to discouer thy sorrow and pacifie his wrath.

In the depth of his passion, hée was sent for to the King: who with a looke that threatned death, entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was: Saladine made answere, that vpon some riot made against the Sheriffe of the shire, hée was fledde from Bourdeaux, but hee knew not whither. Nay, villaine (quoth hée) I haue heard of the wrongs thou hast proffered thy Brother, since the death of thy Father, and by thy meanes haue I lost a most braue and resolute Cheualier. Therefore in iustice to punish thée, I spare thy life for thy fathers sake, but banish thée for euer from the Court and Country of France, and see thy departure bee within ten dayes, else trust me thou shalt loose thy head, and with that the King flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladine greatly perplexed. Who grieuing at his exile, yet determined to beare it with patience, and pennance of his former follies, to trauaile abroade in euery Coast, till hée had found out his brother Rosader. With whom now I do begin.

Rosader béing thus preferred to the place of a Forrester by Gerismond, roted out the remembrance of his brothers vnkindnesse by continuall exercise, trauersing the groues and wild Forrests: partly to heare the melodie of the sweet birds which recorded, and partly to shew his diligent endeauour in his Maisters behalfe. Yet whatsoeuer hée did, or howsoeuer hee walked, the liuely image of Rosalind remained in memorie: on her sweet perfections hée fed his thoughts, proouing himselfe like the eagle, a true borne bird, since that the one is

knowne by beholding the ſunne, ſo was hée by regarding excellent beautie. One day among the reſt finding a fit opportunitie and place conuenient, deſirous to diſcouer his woes in the woods, hee ingrauen with his knife in the barke of a Pyre tree, this prettie eſtimate of his miſtris perfection.

Sonetto.

Of all chaſte birds the Phœnix doth excell,
Of all ſtrong beaſts the Lion beares the bell:
Of all ſweet flowers the Roſe doth ſweeteſt ſmell,
Of all faire maides my *Roſalind* is faireſt.

Of all pure metals Gold is onely pureſt,
Of all high trees the Pine hath higheſt creſt,
Of all ſoft ſweets I like my Miſtris beſt,
Of all chaſte thoughts my miſtris thoughts are rareſt.

Of all proud birds, the Eagle pleaſeth *Ioue*,
Of prettie fowles, kind *Venus* likes the Doue:
Of trees *Minerua* doth the Oliue loue,
Of all ſweete Nymphs I honour *Roſalind*.

Of all her gifts her wiſedome pleaſeth moſt,
Of all her graces vertue ſhe doth boaſt:
For all the gifts my life and ioy is loſt,
If *Roſalind* prooue cruell and vnkind.

In theſe and ſuch like paſſions Roſader did euery day eternize the name of his Roſalind, and this day eſpecially when Aliena and Ganimede (inforced by the heate of the Sunne to ſéeke for ſhelter) by good fortune arriued in that place, where this amorous forreſter regiſtred his melancholie paſſions: they ſawe the ſodaine change of his lookes, his folded armes, his paſſionate ſighs: they heard him often abruptly call on Roſalind, who (poore ſoule) was as hotly burned as himſelfe, but that ſhée ſhrouded her paines in the cinders of honorable modeſtie. Whereupon gething him to be in loue, and according to the nature of their ſexe, being pittifull in that behalfe, they ſodainly braks off his melancholy by their approach, and Ganimede ſhoke him out of his dumps, thus.

What newes Forreſter, haſt thou wounded ſome Déere, and loſt him

him in the fal: Care not man for so small a losse, thy fée was but the skin, the shoulder, and the hornes: tis hunters luck to aime faire and misse: and a woodmans fortune to strike, & yet go without the game.

Thou art beyond the marke Ganimede, (quoth Aliena) his passions are greater, and his sighs discouer more losse: perhaps in trauersing these thickets, he hath séene some beautifull Nymph, and is growne amorous. It may be so (quoth Ganimede) for héere he hath newly engrauen some Sonnet: come and sée the discourse of the Forresters poems. Reading the sonnet ouer, and hearing him name Rosalind, Aliena lookt on Ganimede, and laught, and Ganimede looking backe on the Forrester, and séeing it was Rosader, blusht: yet thinking to shrowde all vnder his Pages apparell, shée boldly returned to Rosader, and began thus.

I pray thée tell mee, Forrester, what is this Rosalind, for whom thou pinest away in such passions? Is shée some Nymph that waits vpon Dianas traine, whose chastitie thou hast discyphered in such Epithites? Or is she some Shepheardesse that haunts these plaines, whose beauty hath so bewitched thy fansie, whose name thou shadowest in Court vnder the figure of Rosalind, as Ouid did Iulia, vnder the name of Corinna? Or say me forsooth, is it that Rosalind, of whom we sheapheards haue heard talk, the (Forrester) that is the Daughter of Gerismond, that once was King, and now an Outlaw in this Forrest of Arden? At this Rosader fetcht a deepe sigh, and said, it is shée, O gentle swaine, it is shée, that Saint it is whom I serue, that Goddesse, at whose shrine I doe bend all my deuotions, the most fairest of all faires, the Phœnix of all that were, and the puritie of all earthly perfection. And why (gentle Forrester) if she be so beautifull, and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy thoughts? Happily shee resembleth the Rose, that is sweete, but full of prickles: or the Serpent Regius that hath scales as glorious as the Sunne, and a breath as infectious as the Aconitum is deadly: So thy Rosalynd may bee most amiable, and yet vnkind, full of fauour, and yet frowarde: coy without wit, and disdainefull without reason.

O shepheard (quoth Rosader) knewest thou her personage graced with the excellence of all perfection, being a harbor wherein the Graces showd their vertues, thou wouldst not breath out such blasphemie against the beautious Rosalind. Shee is a diamond, bright,

but not hard, yet of moſt chaſt operation: a pearle ſo orient, that it can be ſtained with no blemiſh: a roſe without prickles, and a Princeſſe abſolute, as well in beauty as in vertue. But I, vnhappy I, haue let mine eye ſoare with the Eagle againſt ſo bright a Sunne, that I am quite blind: I haue with Apollo enamoured my ſelfe of a Daphne, not (as ſhe) diſdainfull, but farre more chaſt then Daphne: I haue with Ixion layd my loue on Iuno, and ſhall (I feare) embrace nought but a cloude. Ah Shepheard, I haue reacht at a ſtarre, my deſires haue mounted aboue my degree, and my thoughts aboue my fortunes: I being a peaſant, haue ventured to gaze on a Princeſſe, whoſe honours are to high to vouchſafe ſuch baſe loues.

Why Forreſter (quoth Ganimede) comfort thy ſelfe, be blith and frolicke man. Loue ſoweth as lowe as ſhe ſoareth high, and Cupid ſhoots at a rag aſſoone as at a robe, and Venus eye that was ſo curious, ſparkled fauour on pole-footed Vulcan. Feare not man, womens lookes are not tied to dignities feather, nor make they curious eſteeme where the ſtone is found, but what is the vertue. Feare not Forreſter, faint heart neuer wonne faire Ladie. But where lines Roſalind now, at the Court?

Oh no, quoth Roſader, ſhe lines I know not where, and that is my ſorrow, baniſhed by Toriſmond, and that is my hell: for might I but finde her ſacred perſonage, and plead before the barre of her pitie, the plaint of my paſſions, hope tells me ſhee would grace me with ſome fauour: and that would ſuffice, as recompence of all my former miſeries. Much haue I heard of thy Phœbis excellence, and I know Forreſter, thou canſt deſcribe her at the full, as one that hath ſurueyed all her parts with a curious eye, then doo that fauor to tell me what her perfections be. That I will, quoth Roſader, for I glory to make all eares wonder at my Phœbis excellence. And with that he puld a paper forth of his boſome, wherein he read this.

Roſalinds deſcription.

Like to the cleare in higheſt ſphere,
Where all imperiall glory ſhines,
Of ſelfe ſame colours is her haire,
Whether vnfolded or in twines:
Heigh ho, faire *Roſalind.*
Her eyes are Saphires ſet in ſnow.

Reſembling

Reſembling heauen by euery winke:
The Gods doe feare when as they glow,
And I doe tremble when I thinke,
Heigh ho, would ſhe were mine.

Her cheekes are like the bluſhing cloude,
That beautifies *Auroraes* face,
Or like the ſiluer crimſon ſhroude,
That *Phabus* ſmiling lookes doth grace:
Heigh ho, faire *Roſalind.*
Her eyes are like to budded Roſes,
Whom rankes of Lillies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds ſhe Balme incloſes,
Apt to entice a Deitie:
Heigh ho, would ſhe were mine.

Her necke is like a ſtately Tower,
Where Loue himſelfe impriſoned lies,
To watch for glances euery houre,
From her diuine and ſacred eies,
Heigh ho, for *Roſalind,*
Her paps are centers of delight,
Her breaſts are globes of heauenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the deaw of light,
To feede perfection with the ſame:
Heigh ho, would ſhe were mine.

With orient Pearle, with Rubie red,
With Marble white, with Saphire blew,
Her body euery way is ſed,
Yet ſoft in touch, and ſweet in view:
Heigh ho, faire *Roſalind.*
Nature her ſelfe her ſhape admires,
The Gods are wounded in her ſight,
And loue forſakes his heauenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light:
Heigh ho, would ſhe were mine.

Then muſe not Nymphs though I bemone,

The abſence of faire *Roſalind*,
Since for a faire there is a fairer none,
Nor for her vertues ſo diuine,
Heigh ho, faire *Roſalind*,
Heigh ho my heart, would God that ſhe were mine.
Perijt quia deperibat.

Beléeue me (quoth Ganimede) either the Forreſter is an exquiſite painter, or Roſalind farre aboue wonder: it makes me bluſh to heare how women ſhould be ſo excellent, and pages ſo vnperfect.

Roſader beholding her earneſtly, anſwered thus. Truly gentle Page thou haſt cauſe to complaine thee, wert thou the ſubſtance: but reſembling the ſhadow, content thy ſelfe, for it is excellency enough to be like the excellence of nature. We hath anſwered you Ganimede, (quoth Aliena) it is enough for Pages to waite on beautiful Ladies, and not to be beautifull themſelues. Oh Miſtris (quoth Ganimede) hold you your peace, for you are partiall: who knowes not but that all women haue deſire to tye ſoueraintie to their petticoats, and aſcribe beauty to themſelues, where if boyes might put on their garments, perhaps they would proue as comely; if not as comely, as curteous. But tell me Forreſter, (and with that ſhe turnd to Roſader) vnder whom maintaynest thou thy walke? Gentle Swaine, vnder the King of Outlawes, ſaid hée, the vnfortunate Geriſmond, who hauing loſt his kingdome, crowneth his thoughts with content, accounting it better to gouern among poore men in peace, then great men in danger: But haſt thou not, ſaid ſhée, (hauing ſo melancholy opportunities as the forreſt affordeth thee) written more Sonnets in commendations of thy Miſtris? I haue gentle Swaine, quoth he, but they be not about me, to morrow by dawne of the day, if your flocks feed in theſe pastures, I will bring them you: wherin you ſhal reade my paſſions, while I vewe them, iudge my patience when you reade it: till when, I bid farewell. So giuing both Ganimede and Aliena a gentle good night, hée reſorted to his lodge, leauing them to their prattle prattle. So Ganimede (ſaid Aliena, the Forreſter being gone) you are mightily beloued, men make Ditties in your praiſe, ſpend ſighs for your ſake, make an idoll of your beauty: ſurely it grieues me not a little to ſée the poore man ſo penſiue, and you ſo pittileſſe.

Ah Aliena (quoth ſhée) be not peremptorie in your iudgement, I

heare

heare Roſalind praiſed as I am Ganimede, but were I Roſalind I could anſwere the Foꝛreſter, if hée mourne foꝛ loue, there are medicines foꝛ loue: Roſalind cannot bée faire and vnkind. And ſo Madame you ſée it is time to folde our flockes, oꝛ elſe Coridon will frowne & ſay you will neuer proue good huſwiffe. With that they put their théepe to their coates, and went home to her friend Coridons cottage. Aliena as merry as might be, that ſhe was thus in the company of her Roſalind: but thée poꝛe ſoule, that had loſt her loadſtarre, and her thoughts ſet on fire with the flame of fancie, coulde take no reſt, but béeing alone began to conſider what paſſionate penance poꝛe Roſader was enioyned to by Loue and Foꝛtune: that at laſt ſhe fell into this humoꝛ with her ſelfe.

Roſalind paſſionate alone.

AH Roſalind, how the fates haue ſet downe in their Dinode to make thée vnhappie: foꝛ when foꝛtune hath done her woꝛſt, then Loue comes in to begin a new tragedie: ſhe ſéekes to lodge her ſonne in thine eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy boſome, Beware fond girle, he is an vnruly gueſt to harboꝛ: foꝛ entring in by intreats, hée will not be thꝛuſt out by foꝛce, and her fires are fed with ſuch fuell, as no water is able to quench. Séeſt thou not how Venus ſéekes to wꝛap thée in her Laboꝛinth, wherein is pleaſure at the entrance, but within, ſoꝛrowes, care, and diſcontent? ſhe is a Syꝛen, ſtoppe thine eares at her melodie: ſhe is a Baſiliſke, that thine eyes, and gaze not at her, leaſt thou periſh. Thou art now placed in the countrey content, where are heauenly thoughts, and meane deſires: in thoſe Lawnds where thy flocks féede, Diana haunts: be as her Nymphs, chaſte, an enemie to loue: foꝛ there is no greater honoꝛ to a Maid, then to account of Fancie as a moꝛtall foe to their ſexe. Daphne that bonnie wench was not turned into a Bay trée, as the Poets feine, but foꝛ her chaſtitie, her fame was immoꝛtall, reſembling the Laurell that is euer greene, Follow thou her ſteppes Roſalind, and the rather foꝛ that thou art an exile, & baniſhed from the Court, whoſe diſcreſſe, as it is appeaſed with patience, ſo it would be renued with amoꝛous paſſions. Haue minde on thy foꝛepaſſed foꝛtunes, feare the woꝛſt, and intangle not thy ſelfe with preſent fancies, leaſt louing in haſte, thou repent thee at leyſure. Ah, but yet Roſalind, it is Roſader that courts thée, one, who as he is beautifull, ſo he is vertu-

ous

ons, and harboreth in his mind as many good qualities as his face is shadowed with gracious fauours, and therefore Rosalind stoope to loue, least, being either too coy, or too cruell, Venus waxe wroth, and plague thee with the reward of disdaine.

Rosalind thus passionate, was wakened from her dumps by Aliena, who said, it was time to goe to bedde. Coridon swore that was true, for Charles Waine was risen in the South. Whereupon each taking leaue of other, went to their rest. All but the poore Rosalind, who was so full of passions that she coulde not possesse any content. Well, leaning her to her broken slumbers, expect what was performed by them the next morning.

The Sunne was no sooner kept from the bed of Aurora, but Aliena was wakened by Ganimede: who restlesse all night had tossed in her passions: saying, it was then time to go to the field to vnfold their sheepe. Aliena (that spied where the Hare was by the Hounds, and could see day at a little hole) thought to be pleasant with her Ganimede, and therefore replied thus: What wanton? the Sunne is but new vp, and as yet Iris riches lies folded in the bosom of Flora, Phœbus hath not dried vp the pearled dewe, and as long Coridon hath taught me, it is not fit to leade the sheepe abroade, least the dewe being vnwholsome, they get the rot: but now see I this old prouerbe true, hee is in hast whom the diuell driues, and where loue pricks forward, there is no worse death then delay. Ah my good Page, is there fancie in thine eye, and passions in thine heart? What hast thou wrapt loue in thy lookes? and set al thy thoughts on fire by affection? I tell thee, it is a flame hard to bee quenght as that of Ætna. But nature must haue her course, womens eyes haue faculties attractiue of faire seat, and retentiue like the Diamond: they dally in the delight like the obiects, til gazing on the Panthers beautiful skin, repenting experience tell them he hath a deuouring panch. Come on (qd. Ganimede) this sermon of yours is but a subtiltie to lie still a bed, because either you thinke the morning cold, or else I being gone, you would steale a nappe: this shift carries no colour, and therefore vp and away. And for loue let me alone, Ile whip him away with nettles, and set disdaine as a charme to withstand his forces: and therefore looke you to your selfe, bee not too bolde, for Venus can make you bend nor too coy for Cupid hath a piercing dart, that will make you crie *Peccaui*. And that is it (quoth Aliena) that hath raised you so early

this

this morning. And with that she slipt on her peticoat, and start vp, and assone as she had made her ready, & taken her breakfast, away goe these two with bagge and bottles to the field, in more pleasant content of minde, then euer they were in the Court of Torismond. They came no sooner nigh the fields, but they might see where their discontented Forrester was walking in his melancholy. Assone as Alinda saw him, she smiled, and said to Ganimede, wipe your eyes sweeting, for ponder is your sweet-heart this morning in deepe prayers (no doubt) to Venus, that she may make you as pitifull as he is passionate. Come on Ganimede, I pray thee lets haue a little sport with him. Content (quoth Ganimede) and with that, to waken him out of his deepe memento, she began thus.

Forrester, good fortune to thy thoughts, and ease to thy passions, what makes you so early abroad this morne, in contemplation (no doubt) of your Rosalinde? Take heede Forrester, step not too farre, the Ford may be deepe, and you slip ouer the shoes: I tell thee, Flies haue their spleene, the Ants choler, the least haire shadow, and the smallest loues great desires. Tis good Forrester to loue, but not to ouer-loue, lest in louing her that likes thee not, thou fold thy selfe in an endlesse Labyrinth. Rosader seeing the faire Shepheardesse, and her pretie Swaine in whose company she left the greatest ease of his care, he returned them a salute on this manner.

Gentle Shepheards, all hayle, and as healthfull be your flocks, as you happy in content. Loue is restlesse, and my body is but the cell of my bane, in that I finde there busie thoughts, and broken slumbers, heere (although euery where passionate) I looke loue with more patience, in that euery obiect feeds mine eye with variety of fancies: when I looke on Floras beauteous Tapestrie: checkered with the pride of all her treasures, I call to minde the faire face of Rosalind, whose heauenly hue exceeds the Rose and Lillie in their highest excellence: the brightnesse of Phebus shine, puts me in mind to think on the sparkling flames that flew from her eyes, and set my heart first on fire. The sweet harmonie of the birds puts me in remembrance of the rare melodie of her voyce, which like the Siren enchanteth the eares of the hearer. Thus in contemplation I saw my sorrowes, with applying the perfection of euery obiect to the excellence of her qualities.

She is much beholding vnto you (quoth Alinda) and so much, that

I haue oft wisht with my selfe, that if I should euer proue as amorous as Oenone, I might finde as faithfull a Paris as your selfe.

How say you by this Item, Forrester (quoth Ganimede) the faire Shepheardesse fauours you, who is Pastris of so many flockes. Leaue off man the suspicion of Rosalinds loue, when as snatching at her, you roue beyond the Mone: and cast your lookes vpon my Pastris, who no doubt is as faire, though not so royall; one bird in the hand, is worth two in the wood: better possesse the loue of Alinda, then catch friuolously at the shadow of Rosalind.

Ile tell thee boy (quoth Rosader) so is my fancie fixed on my Rosalind, that were thy Pastris as faire as Læda, or Danae, whom Loue courted in transformed shapes, mine eyes would not vouch to entertaine their beauties: and so hath loue lockt me in her perfections, that I had rather onely contemplate in her beauties, then absolutely possesse the excellence of another. Venus is to blame, Forrester, if hauing so true a seruant of you, she rewardeth you not with Rosalind, if Rosalind were more fairer then her selfe.

Leauing this prattle, now Ile put you in minde of your promise, about those Sonnets which you said were at home in your Lodge. I haue them about me (quoth Rosader) let vs sit downe, and then you shall heare what a poeticall furie Loue will infuse into a man: with that they sate downe vpon a greene banke, shadowed with fig-trées, and Rosader fetching a deepe sigh, read them this Sonnet.

Rosaders Sonnet.

In sorrowes Cell I laid me downe to sleepe,
But waking woes were iealous of mine eyes,
They make them watch, and bend themselues to weepe,
But weeping teares their want could not suffice.
Yet sith for her they wept who guides my heart,
They weeping smile, and triumph in their smart.

Of these my teares, a fountaine fiercely springs,
Where *Venus* baynes her selfe incenst with loue,
Where *Cupid* bowseth his faire feathered wings,
But I, behold what paines I must approue.
Care drinkes it drie, but when on her I thinke,
Loue makes me weepe it full vnto the brinke.

Meane

Meane while my ſighes yeeld truce vnto my teares,
By them the winde increaſe and fiercely blow:
Yet when I ſigh, the flame more plaine appeares,
And by their force, with greater power doth glow,
Amids theſe paines, all Phœnix-like I thriue,
Sith loue that yeelds me death, may life reuiue.

Roſader en eſperance.

Now ſurely Foreſter, quoth Alinda, when thou madeſt this ſonnet, thou wert in ſome amorous quandarie, neither to fearefull, as deſpairing of thy miſtris fauours, nor to gleeſome, as hoping in thy fortunes. I can ſmile quoth Ganimede, at the Sonettoes, Canzones, Madrigals, rounds, and roundelayes, that euery puling patient poures out, when their eyes are more full of wantonneſſe, then their hearts of paſſions. Then, as the fiſhers put the ſweeteſt bait to the faireſt fiſh, ſo theſe Ouidians holding Amo in their tongues, when their thoughts come at haphazard, write that they bee wrapt in an endleſſe Labyrinth of ſorrow, when walking in the large ſeas of libertie, they onely haue their humours in their inkepot. If they finde women ſo fond, that they will with ſuch painted lures come to their luſt, then they triumph till they bee full gorged with pleaſures: and then flie they away (like ramage Kites) to their owne content, leauing the tame feele their miſtris full of fancie, yet without euer a feather. If they miſſe (as dealing with ſome wary wanton, that wants not ſuch a one as themſelues, but ſpies their ſubtiltie) they end their amors with a few fained ſighes, and ſo their excuſe is, their Miſtris is cruell, and they ſmother paſſions with patience. Such (gentle Foreſter) wee may deeme you to bee, that rather paſſe away the time heere in theſe woods with writing amorets, then to bee deepely enamored (as you ſay) of your Roſalynd. If you bee ſuch a one, then I pray God, when you thinke your fortune at the higheſt, and your deſires to bee moſt excellent: then that you may with Ixion, embrace Iuno in a cloud, and haue nothing but a marble miſtreſſe to releaſe your Martyrdome: but if you bee true and truſtie, eie paind and hart ſicke, then accurſed bee Roſalind if ſhee proue cruell: for Foreſter, I flatter not, thou art worthy of as faire as ſhee. Alinda ſpying the ſtorme by the winde, ſmiled to ſee how Ganimede flew to thy fiſt without any call: but Roſader, who

toke him flat for a shepheards swaine, made him this answere.

Trust me Swaine (quoth Rosader) but my Canzon was written in so much humor: for mine eyes and mine heart are relatiues, the one drawing fancie by sight, the other entertaining her by sorrow. If thou sawest my Rosalind, with what beauties nature hath honoured her, with what perfection the heauens hath graced her, with what qualities the Gods haue endued her: then wouldest thou say there is none so fickle that could be fleeting vnto her. If shee had beene Æneas Dido, had Venus and Iuno both scolded him from Carthage, yet her excellence (dispight of them) would haue detained him at Tyre. If Phillis had beene as beauteous, or Ariadne as vertuous, or both so honorable and excellent as shee: neither had the philbert-tree sorrowed in the death of dispairing Phillis, nor the stars haue beene graced with Ariadne, but Demophon and Theseus had beene truckle to their Paragons. I will tell thee Swaine, if with a deepe insight thou couldst pierce into the secret of my loues: and see what deepe impressions of her Idea, affection hath made in my heart: then wouldst thou confesse I were passing passionate, and no lesse endued with admirable patience. Why (quoth Alinda) needes there patience in loue? Or else in nothing (quoth Rosader) for it is a restlesse sore, that hath no ease, a canker that still frets, a disease that taketh away all hope of deepe. If then so many sorrowes, suddaine sopes, momentarie pleasures, continuall feares, daily griefes, and nightly woes bee found in loue; then is not hee to be accounted patient, that smothers all his passions with silence? Thou speakest by experience (quoth Ganimede) and therefore wee hold all thy words for Axiomes: but is loue such a lingring maladie? It is (quoth hee) either extreame or meane, according to the minde of the party that entertaines it: for as the weedes grow longer vntoucht then the prettie flowers, and the flint lyes safe in the quarrie, when the Emerald is suffering the Lapidaries toole: So meane men are freed from Venus iniuries, when Kings are inuironed with a labyrinth of cares. The whiter the Lawne is, the deeper is the moale, the more purer the Chrisolite, the sooner stained: and such as haue their hearts full of honour, haue their loues full of the greatest sorrow. But in whomsoeuer (quoth Rosader) he streth his dart, hee neuer leaueth to assault him, till either hee hath won him to follie or fancie: for as the moone neuer goes without the starre,

Luniſequa,

Luniſequa, ſo a Louer neuer goeth without the vnreſt of his thoughts. For proofe you ſhall heare another fancie of my making. Now doe gentle forreſter (quoth Ganimede) and with that he read his Sonetto.

Roſaders ſecond Sonetto.

Turne I my lookes vnto the skies,
Loue with his arrows wounds mine eies:
If ſo I looke vpon the ground,
Loue then in euery flower is found:
Search I the ſhade to flie my paine,
He meetes me in the ſhades againe:
Wend I to walke in ſecret groue,
Euen there I meete with ſacred Loue?
If ſo I bathe me in the ſpring,
Euen on the brinke I heare him ſing:
If ſo I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my mone:
If ſo I mourne, he weepes with me,
And where I am, there will he be.
When as I talke of *Roſalme*,
The God from coyneſſe waxeth kind:
And ſeemes in ſelfe ſame flame to frie,
Becauſe he loues as well as I:
Sweete *Roſalind* for pittie rue,
For why, then Loue I am more true:
He if he ſpeede will quickly flie,
But in thy loue I liue and die.

How like you this Sonnet, quoth Roſader? Mary quoth Ganimede, for the pen, well, for the paſſion ill: for as I praiſe the one, I pittie the other, in that thou ſhouldeſt hunt after a Cloude, and loue either without reward, or regard. This not frowardneſſe (quoth Roſader) but my hard fortunes, whoſe deſtinies haue croſt me with her abſence: for did ſhe fele my loues, ſhe would not let me linger in theſe ſorrowes. Women as they be faire, ſo they reſpect faith, and eſtimate more (if they be honorable) the will then the wealth, hauing loyaltie that obiect whereat they aime their fancies. But leauing off theſe enterparleys, you ſhall heare my laſt Sonetto, and then you

haue heard all my Poetrie, and with that he ſighed out this.

Roſaders third Sonnet.

Of vertuous loue my ſelfe may boaſt alone,
Sith no ſuſpect my ſeruice may attaint:
For perfect faire is ſhe, the onely one,
Whom I eſteeme for my beloued Saint.
Thus for my faith I onely beare the bell,
And for her faire ſhe onely doth excell.

Then let fond *Petrarch* ſhrowd his *Laurаes* prayſe,
And *Taſſo* ceaſe to publiſh his affect:
Sith mine the faith confirmed at all aſſaies,
And hers the faire, which all men do reſpect.
My lines her faire, her faire my faith aſſures.
Thus I by Loue, and loue by me endures.

Thus quoth Roſader, here is an end of my Poeme, but for all this, no releaſe of my paſſions: ſo that I reſemble him, that in the depth of his diſtreſſe, hath none but the eccho to anſwere him. Ganimede pittying her Roſader, thinking to driue him out of his amorous melancholy, ſaid, that now the Sunne was in the meridionall heate, and that it was high noone, and therefore we ſhepheards ſay, tis time to goe to dinner, for the Sunne and our ſtomackes are ſhepheards Dials. Therefore Forreſter, if thou wilt take ſuch fare as comes out of our homely ſcrips, welcome ſhall anſwere whatſoeuer thou wanteſt in delicates. Alinda take the entertainement by the ende, and told Roſader hee ſhould bee her gueſt. He thankt them heartily, and ſat with them downe to dinner, where they had ſuch cates as countrey ſtate would allow them, ſawſed with ſuch content, and ſuch ſweete prattle, as it ſeemed farre more ſweete then all their Courtly iunkets.

Aſſone as they had taken their repaſt, Roſader giuing them thankes for his good cheere, would haue bene gone: but Ganimede, that was loth to let him paſſe out of her preſence, began thus: May Forreſter, quoth hee, if thy buſines be not the greater, ſeeing thou ſayſt thou art ſo deeply in loue, let me ſee how thou canſt woo, I will repreſent Roſalind, and thou ſhalt be as thou art, Roſader. He in

in some amorous Eglogue how if Rosalind were present, how thou couldst court her, and while we sing of loue, Alinda shall tune her Pipe and play vs melodie. Content, quoth Rosader. And Alinda, shée to shew her willingnesse, drew forth a Recorder, and began to wind it. Then the louing Forrester began thus.

¶ The wooing Eglogue betweene *Rosalind* and *Rosader*.

Rosader.

I pray thee Nymph, by all the working words,
By all the teares and sighs that Louers know,
Or what our thoughts or foltering tongue affords,
I craue for mine in ripping vp my woe,
Sweet *Rosalind* my loue (would God my loue)
My life, (would God my life) ay pitie mee,
Thy lips are kind and humble like a Doue,
And, but with beautie pitie will not bee,
Looke on mine eyes made red with ruthfull teares,
From whence the raine of true remorse descendeth:
All pale in lookes, and I, though young in yeares,
And nought but loue or death my daies befrendeth,
O let no stormie rigour knit thy browes,
Which Loue appointed for his mercie seate,
The tallest tree by *Boreas* breath it bowes,
The Iron yeelds with hammer and with heate.
Oh *Rosalind*, then be thou pitifull,
For *Rosalind* is onely beautifull.

Rosalind.

Loue wantons arme their traitrous suits with teares,
With vowes and oathes, with lookes, with showres of gold,
But when the fruits of their affects appeares,
The simple heart by subtile slights is sold.
Thus suckes the yeelding eare the poisoned baite,
Thus feeds the heart vpon his endlesse harmes,
Thus glut the thoughts themselues on selfe deceit,
Thus blind the eyes their sight by subtile charmes.

The

The louely lookes, the ſighs that ſtorme ſo ſore,
The deaw of deepe diſſembling doubleneſſe:
Theſe may attempt, but are of power no more,
Where beauty leanes to wit and ſoothfaſtneſſe.
Oh *Roſader*, then be thou wittifull.
For *Roſalind* ſcornes fooliſh pittifull.

Roſader.

I pray thee *Roſalind* by thoſe ſweet eyes,
That ſtaine the Sun in ſhine, the Moone in cleare,
By thoſe ſweet cheekes where loue encamped lies.
To kiſſe the Roſes of the ſpringing yeere,
I tempt thee *Roſalind* by ruthfull plaints,
Nor ſeaſoned with deceit of fraudfull guile,
But firme in paine, farre more then tongue depaints:
Sweet Nymph be kind, and grace me with a ſmile.
So may the heauens preſerue from hurtull food,
Thy harmeleſſe flockes, ſo may the ſummer yeeld,
The pride of all her riches and her good,
To fat thy ſheepe (the Citizens of field)
Oh leaue to arme thy louely browes with ſcornes,
The birds their beake, the Lion hath his taile:
And louers nought but ſighs and bitter mourne,
The ſpotleſſe fort of fanſie to aſſaile.
Oh *Roſalind*, then be thou pitifull,
For *Roſalind* is onely beautifull.

Roſalind.

The hardned ſteele by fire is brought in frame,
Roſader, And *Roſalind* my loue, not any wooll more ſofter,
And ſhall not ſighs her tender heart inflame?
Roſalind. When loue is true, maids would beleeue them ofter,
Roſader. Truth and regard, and honour guide my loue.
Roſalind. Faine would I truſt, but yet I dare not trie.
Roſader. Oh pitie me ſweet Nymph, and doe but proue.
Roſalind. I will reſiſt, but yet I know not why,
Roſader. Oh *Roſalind* be kind, for times will change,
Thy lookes aye nill be faire as now they be:
Thine age from beautie may thy lookes eſtrange,
Ah yeeld in time, ſweet Nymph, and pitie me,

Roſalind.

Roſalind. Oh *Roſalind*, thou muſt be pittifull,
For *Roſader* is young and beautifull.
Roſader. O gaine, more great then kingdomes or a crowne!
Roſalind. O truſt, betraide of *Roſader* abuſe me!
Roſader. Firſt let the heauens conſpire to pull me downe,
And heauens and earth as abiect quite refuſe me:
Let ſorrowes ſtreame about my hatefull bowre:
And wretchleſſe horror hatcht within my breaſt:
Let beauteous eyes afflict me with a lowre:
Let deepe deſpaire purſue me without reſt,
Ere *Roſalind* my loyaltie diſproue,
Ere *Roſalind* accuſe me for vnkind.
Roſalind. Then *Roſalind* will grace thee with her loue,
Then *Roſalind* will haue thee ſtill in minde.
Roſader Then let me triumph more than *Tithans* deare,
Sith *Roſalind* will *Roſader* reſpect,
Then let my face exile his ſorry cheare,
And frolicke in the comfort of affect,
And ſay, that *Roſalind* is onely pittifull,
Sith *Roſalind* is onely beautifull.

When thus they had finiſhed their courting Eglogue in ſuch familiar clauſe, Ganimede as Augure of ſome good fortunes light vpon their affections, began to be thus pleaſant. How now fozreſter, haue I not fitted your turne? Haue I not plaid the woman handſomly, and ſhewed my ſelfe as coy in garments, as curteous in diſtreſſe, and bin as full of ſuſpition, as men of flatterie? And yet to ſaue all, haue I not all vp with the ſweete vnion of loue? Did not Roſalind content her Roſader? The Fozreſter at this ſmiling, ſhake his head, and folding his arms, made this merry reply.

Truth (gentle ſwaine) Roſader hath his Roſalind, but as Ixion had Iuno, who thinking to poſſeſſe a Goddeſſe, onely embraced a clowde: in theſe imaginarie fruitions of fancie, I reſemble the byrds that fed themſelues with Zeuxes painted the grapes, but they grew ſo leane with pecking at ſhadowes, that they were glad with Æſopes Cocke to ſcrape for a barly kernell: ſo fareth it with me, who fede my ſelfe with the hope of my Miſtris fauours, ſwithe my

selfe in thy fates, and onely in conceit reape a wished for content: but if my fode be no better than such amorous dreames, Venus at the yéres end, shall finde mé but a leane Lover. Yet doe I take these follies for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections, doe divine some vnfained end of ensuing fancies. And thereuppon quoth Aliena, Ile play the Priest: from this day forth Ganimede shall call thée husband, and thou shalt call Ganimede wife, and so wéle haue a marriage. Content, quoth Rosader, and laught. Content quoth Ganimede, and changed as red as a Rose: and so with a smile and blush, they made vp this iesting match, that after prooued to a marriage in earnest: Rosader full little knowing he had wooed and won his Rosalind,

But all was well, hope is a swéet string to harpe on, and therefore let the Forester a while shape himselfe to his shadow, and tarry fortunes leysure, till shée may make a metamorphosis fit for his purpose. I digresse, and therefore to Aliena, who said, the wedding was not worth a pinne, vnlesse there were some chére, nor that bargaine well made, that was not striken vp with a cup of wine: and therfore she wild Ganimede to set out such cates as they had, and to draw out her bottle, charging the Forrester as he had imagined his loues, so to conceit these cates to be a most sumptuous banket, and to take a mazer of wine, and to drinke to his Rosalind, which Rosader did, and so they passed away the day in many pleasant deuises: till at last Aliena perceiued time would tarry no man, and that the sunne waxed very lowe, ready to set: which made her shorten their amorous prattle, and end the banquet with a fresh carowse: which done, they all shée arose, and Aliena brake off thus.

Now Forrester, Phœbus that all this while hath bén partaker of our sports, séeing euery woodman more fortunate in his loues, than shé in his fancies, séeing thou hast wonne Rosalind, when hee could not woe Daphne, hides his head for shame, and bids vs adiew in a cloude. Our shéepe, the poore wantons wander towards their folds, as taught by nature their due time of rest, which tels vs Forrester, we must depart. Marry though there were a marriage, yet I must carry this night the bride with mé, and to morrow morning if you mét vs héere, Ile promise to deliuer you her as good a maide as I finde her. Content, quoth Rosader, tis enough for mé in the night to dreame on loue, that in the day am so fond to dote on loue:

and

and so till to morrow, you to your folds, and I will to my Lodge: and thus the Forrester and they parted. He was no sooner gone, but Aliena and Ganimede went and followed their flockes, and taking vp their hookes, their bags, and their bottles, hied homeward. By the way, Aliena (to make the time seeme short) began to prattle with Ganimede, thus: I haue heard them say, that what the Fates forepoint, that Fortune pricketh downe with a period, that the starres are sticklers in Venus Court, and desire hangs at the heele of Destinie: if it be so, then by all probable coniectures, this match will be a marriage: for, if Augurisme bee authenticall, or the Diuines domes principles, it cannot be but such a shadow portends the issue of a substance, for to that end did the Gods force the conceit of this Eglogue, that they might discouer the ensuing consent of your affections: so that ere it be long, I hope (in earnest) to dance at your wedding. Tush (quoth Ganimede) all is not mault that is cast on the hill, there goes more words to a bargain then one, loue feeles no footing in the aire, and fancie holds it slipperie harbour to nestle in the tongue: the match is not yet so surely made, but hee may misse his marke: but if Fortune be his friend, I will not be his foe: and so I pray you (gentle Pastris Aliena) take it. I take all things well (quoth shee) that is your content, and am glad Rosader is yours, for now I hope your thoughts will bee at quiet: your eye that euer looketh at loue, will not lend a glance on your Lambes, and then they will prooue more burome, and you more blithe, for the eyes of the Maister feedes the Cattell. As thus they were in chat, they spied old Coridon, where hee came plodding to meete them: who told them supper was ready, whith newes made them spéede them home. Where we will leaue them till the next morrow, and returne to Saladine.

All this while did poore Saladine (banished from Bourdeaux and the Court of France by Torismond) wander vp and downe in the Forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lyons, and so to trauell through Germanie into Italie: but the Forrest being full of by paths, and he vnskilfull of the Country coast, slipt out of the way, and chanced vp into the Desart, not farre from the place where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladine weary with wandring vp and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little Caue by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the Forrest did affoord, and con-

tenting himselfe with such drinke as Nature had prouided, and thirst made delicate, after his repast, fell into a dead sleepe. As hee thus lay, a hungry Lion came hunting downe the edge of the groue for prey, and espying Saladine, beganne to seize vpon him: but seeing hee lay still without any motion, hee left to touch him, for that Lions hate to prey on dead carkasses, and yet desirous to haue some foode, the Lion lay downe and watcht to see if hee would stirre. Whyle thus Saladine slept secure, fortune that was carefull of her Champion, beganne to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (hauing stricken a Deere, and but lightly hurt, fled through the thicket) came packing downe by the groue with a Boare-speare in his hand in great haste, hee espied where a man lay a sleepe, and a Lion fast by him: amazed at this sight as hee stood gazing, his nose on a sodaine bled, which made him coniecture it was some friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nie, he might easily discerne his visage, and perceiuing by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladine, which draue Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so vnexpected a chance, marualling what should driue his brother to trauerse those secret desarts without any company, in such distressed and forlorne sort. But the present time craning no such doubting ambages, for hee must either resolue to hazard his life in his reliefe, or else steale away, and leaue him to the cruelty of the Lion. In which doubt he thus briefely debated with himselfe.

Rosaders meditation.

NOw Rosader, Fortune that long had whipt thee with Nettles, meanes to salue thee with Roses, and hauing crost thee with many frownes, now shee presents thee with the brightnesse of her fauours. Thou that didst count thy selfe the most distressed of all men, mayest account thy selfe the most fortunate amongst men, if fortune can make men happie, or sweet reuenge be wrapt in a pleasing content. Thou seest Saladine, thine enemie, the worker of thy misfortunes, and the efficient cause of thine exile, subiect to the crueltie of a mercilesse Lion, brought into this miserie by the Gods, that they might seeme iust in reuenging his rigor, and thy iniuries. Seest thou not how the starres are in a fauourable aspect, the Planets in some pleasing coniunction, the Fates agreeable to thy thoughts, and the Destinies performers of thy desires, in that Saladine

Iadine ſhall die, and thou be free of his bloud: he receiues meed for his amiſſe, and thou erect this Tombe with innocent hands. Now Roſader ſhalt thou returne vnto Bourdeaux, and inioy thy poſſeſſions by birth, and his reuenues by inheritance: now maiſt thou triumph with loue, and hang fortunes Altars with garlands: For when Roſalind heares of thy wealth, it will make her loue thee the more willingly, for womens eyes are made of Chriſecol, that is, euer vnperfect, vnleſſe tempered with gold: and Iupiter ſooneſt enioyed Danae, becauſe he came to her in ſo rich a ſhowre. Thus ſhall this Lion (Roſader) end the life of a miſerable man, and from diſtreſſe raiſe thée to bée moſt fortunate. And with that, caſting his Boare-ſpeare vpon his necke, away he beganne to trudge. But he had not ſtept backe two or three paces, but a new motion ſtroke him to the very heart, that reſting his Boare-ſpeare againſt his breaſt, he fell into this paſſionate humour.

Ah Roſader, wert thou the ſonne of Iohn of Bourdeaux, whoſe vertues exceeded his valour, and the moſt hardieſt Knight in all Europe? Should the honour of the father ſhine in the actions of the ſonne, and wilt thou diſhonour thy parentage in forgetting that nature of a Gentleman? Did not thy father at his laſt gaſpe, breathe out this golden principle? Brothers amitie is like the droppes of Balſamum, that ſaueth the moſt dangerous ſores: Did hee make a large exhort vnto concord, and wilt thou ſhew thy ſelfe careleſſe? Oh Roſader, what though Saladine hath wronged thee, and made thee liue an exile in the forreſt, ſhall thy nature bee ſo cruell, or thy nurture ſo crooked, or thy thoughts ſo ſauage, as to ſuffer ſo diſmall a reuenge? what, to let him bee deuoured by wilde beaſts? *Non ſapit, qui non ſibi ſapit*, is fondly ſpoken in ſuch bitter extreames. Looſe not his life Roſader, to winne a world of treaſure: for in hauing him, thou haſt a brother, and by hazarding for his life, thou getteſt a friende, and reconcileſt an enemie: and more honour ſhalt thou purchaſe by pleaſing a foe, then reuenging a thouſand iniuries.

With that his brother began to ſtirre, and the Lion to rouze himſelfe: whereupon Roſader ſuddainely charged him with the Boare-ſpeare, and wounded the Lion very ſore at the firſt ſtroake. The beaſt feeling himſelfe to haue a mortall hurt, leapt at Roſader, and with his pawes gaue him a ſore pinch on the breaſt, that hee had al-

moſt faine, yet as a man moſt valiant, in whom the ſparkes of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux remained, hée recouered himſelfe, and in ſhort combate ſlue the Lion, who at his death roared ſo loude, that Saladine awaked: and ſtarting vp, was amazed at the ſodaine ſight of ſo monſtrous a beaſt lying ſlaine by him, and ſo fweéte a Gentleman wounded. He preſently (as he was of a ripe conceit) began to coniecture that the Gentleman had ſlaine him in his defence. Whereupon (as a man in a trance) hée ſtood ſtaring on them both a good while, not knowing his brother béeing in that diſguiſe: at laſt hée burſt into theſe tearmes. Sir, whatſoeuer you be, (as full of honour thou muſt néeds bée, by the view of thy preſent valour.) I perceiue thou haſt redreſſed my fortunes by thy courage, and ſaued my life with thine owne loſſe: which tyes me to be thine in all humble ſeruice. Thanks thou ſhalt haue as thy due, and more thou canſt not haue, for my abilities denyes mée to performe a deeper debt. But if any wayes it pleaſe thee to command me, vſe me as farre as the power of a poore Gentleman will ſtretch.

Roſader ſeeing hee was vnknowne to his brother, wondred to heare ſuch curteous words come from his crabbed nature, but glad of ſuch reformed nature, hee made this anſwere. I am ſir (whatſoeuer thou art) a Forreſter, and a raunger of theſe walkes, who following my Déere to the fall, was conducted hither by ſome aſſenting Fate, that I might ſaue thée, and diſparage my ſelfe. For comming into this place, I ſaw thee aſleepe, and the Lion watching thy awake, that at thy riſing hee might prey vpon thy carkaſſe. At the firſt ſight I coniectured thée a Gentleman (for all mens thoughts ought to be fauourable in imagination) and I counted it the part of a reſolute man to purchaſe a ſtrangers reliefe, though with the loſſe of mine owne bloud, which I haue performed (thou ſeeſt) in mine owne preiudice. If therefore thou bée a man of ſuch worth as I value thee, by thy exteriour lineaments, make diſcouer vnto me what is the cauſe of thy preſent miſfortunes: for by the furrowes in thy face thou ſéemeſt to be croſt with her frownes: but whatſoeuer, or howſoeuer, let mée craue that fauour, to heare the tragicke cauſe of thy eſtate. Saladine ſitting downe, and fetching a déepe ſigh, beganne thus.

Saladines diſcourſe to *Roſader* vnknowne.

Although

ALthough the discourse of my fortunes be the renuing of my sorrowes, and the rubbing of the scarre, will open a fresh wound, yet I may not prone vngratefull to so curteous a Gentleman, I will rather sit downe and sigh out mine estate, then giue any offence by smothering my griefe with silence. Know therefore (Sir) that I am of Bourdeaux, and the sonne and heire of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, a man, for his vertues, and valour, so famous, that I cannot thinke but the fame of his honors hath reacht further then the knowledge of his personage. The infortunate sonne of so fortunate a Knight am I, my name Saladine, who succéding my Father in possessions, but not in qualities, hauing two brethren committed by my father at his death, to my charge, with such golden principles of brotherlie concord, as might haue pierst like the Syrens melodie into my humaine eare.

But I with Vlisses became deafe against his philosophicall harmonie, and made more value of profit, then of vertue, esteeming gold sufficient honour, and wealth the fittest title for a gentlemans dignitie: I set my middle Brother to the Vniuersitie to bee a Scholler, counting it enough if he might pore on a Booke, while I féede on his reuenews: and for the younger, which was my Fathers ioy, young Rosader. And with that, naming of Rosader, Saladine sate him downe and wept. Nay, forward man (quoth the Forrester) teares are the vnfittest salue that man can apply to cure sorrowes, and therefore cease from such feminine follies, as should drop out of a womans eye to deceiue, not out of a Gentlemans lookes to discouer his thoughts, and forward with thy discourse.

O sir, quoth Saladine, this Rosader that wrings teares from mine eyes, and blood from my heart, was like my Father in exterior personage, and in inward qualities, for in the prime of his yeares hée aymed all his acts at honor, and coueted rather to die, then to broke any iniurie vnworthy a gentlemans credite. I, whom enuy had made blind, and couetousnes masked with the veile of selfeloue, séeing the Palme trée grow straight, thought to suppresse it beeing a twige, but nature will haue her course, the Cedar will be tall, the Diamond bright, the Carbuncle glistering, and vertue will shine though it bée neuer so much obscure. For I kept Rosader as a slaue, and vsed him as one of my seruile hindes, vntill age grew on, and a secret insight of my abuse entred into his minde: insomuch that he could

not:

not broke it, but couted to haue what his father left him, and to liue of himselfe. To be short Sir, I repined at his fortunes, and he countercheckt me not with abilitie, but valour, vntill at last by friendes, and ayde of such as followed gold more then right or vertue, I banisht him from Bourdeaux, and he (poore Gentleman) liues (no man knowes where) in some distresse content. The Gods not able to suffer such impietie vnrevenged, so wrought, that the King pickt a causelesse quarrell against mée, in hope to haue my Lands, and so hath exiled me out of France for euer.

Thus, thus Sir, am I the most miserable of all men, as hauing a blemish in my thoughts for the wrongs I proffered Rosader, and a touch in my estate to bee thrawne from my proper possessions by iniustice. Passionate thus with many griefes, in penance of my former follies, I goe thus pilgrime-like to séeke my brother, that I may reconcile my selfe to him in all submission, and afterward wend to the holy Land, to end my yéares in as many vertues, as I haue spent my youth in wicked vanities.

Rosader hearing the resolution of his Brother Saladine, began to compassionate his sorrowes, and not able to smother the sparks of nature with fained secrecie, he burst into these louing spéeches. Then know Saladine (quoth hée) that thou hast met with Rosader, who grieues as much to sée thy distresse, as thy selfe to séele the burthen of thy misery.

Saladine casting vp his eye, and noting well the phisnomie of the Forrester, knew that it was his Brother Rosader, which made him so bash and blush at the first méeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him. Which hée did in such sort, that he shewed how highly he held revenge in scorne. Much adoe there was betwéene these two Brethren, Saladine in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiuing and forgetting all former iniuries: the one humble and submisse, the other milde and curteous: Saladine penitent and passionate, Rosader kind and louing, that at length Nature worketh an vnion of their thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of vnkindnesse, to talke of the country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his Brother beganne to haue a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humour Rosader conducted him to Gerismonds lodge, and presented his Brother to the King, discoursing the whole matter how all had hapned betwixt them. The King

loking

loking vpon Saladine, found him a man of a moſt beautifull perſonage, and ſaw in his face ſufficient ſparkes of inſuing honours, gaue him great entertainment, and glad of their friendly reconcilement, promiſing ſuch fauour as the pouerty of his eſtate might affoord, which Saladine gratefully accepted. And ſo Geriſmond fell to queſtion of Toriſmonds life. Whereupon Saladine briefly diſcourſt vnto him his iniuſtice and tyrannies: with ſuch modeſtie (although hee had wronged him) that Geriſmond greatly praiſed the ſparing ſpéech of the young Gentleman.

Many queſtions paſſed: but at laſt, Geriſmond beganne with a déepe ſigh, to enquire if there were any newes of the welfare of Alinda, or his daughter Roſalind. None Sir, quoth Saladine, for ſince their departure they were neuer heard of. Iniurious fortune, ſaid the King, that to double the fathers miſerie, wrongeſt the daughter with miſfortunes. And with that (ſurcharged with ſorrowes) hee went into his Cell, and left Saladine and Roſader, whom Roſader ſtraight conducted to the ſight of Adam Spencer. Who ſéeing Saladine in that eſtate, was in a browne ſtudie: but when he heard the whole matter, although he grieued for the exile of his Maſter, yet he ioyed that baniſhment had ſo reformed him, that from a laſciuious youth he was proued a vertuous Gentleman.

Loking a long while, and ſéeing what familiaritie paſſed betwéen them, and what fauours were interchanged with brotherly affection, ſaid thus: yea mary, thus it ſhould bee, this was the concord that old Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux wiſhed betwixt you. Now fulfill you thoſe precepts he breathed out at his death, and in obſeruing them, loke to liue fortunate and die honourable.

Well ſaid Adam Spencer, quoth Roſader, but haſt any victuals in ſtore for vs? A piece of red Déere, quoth he, and a bottle of Wine. Vis Forreſters fare brother, quoth Roſader, and ſo they ſate them downe, and fell to their cates. Aſſoone as they had taken their repaſt, and well dined, Roſader tooke his brother Saladine by the hand, and ſhewed him the pleaſures of the Forreſt, and what content they enioyed in that meane eſtate. Thus for two or thrée dayes hée walked vp and downe with his brother, to ſhew him all the commodities that belonged to his walke. During which time, hee was greatly miſſed of his Ganimede, who muſed much (with Alena) what ſhould become of their Forreſter. Some while they thought hée had taken

some word vnkindly, and had taken the pet: then they imagined some new loue had withdrawne his fansie, or happily he was sicke, or detained by some great businesse of Gerismonds, or that hee had made a reconcilement to his brother, and so returned to Bourdeaux.

These coniectures did they cast in their heads, but especially Ganimede: who hauing loue in heart proned restlesse, and halfe without patience, that Rosader wronged her with so long absence: for loue measures euery minute, and thinkes houres to be dayes, and dayes to be moneths, till they séede their eyes with the sight of their desired obiect. Thus perplexed liued poore Ganimede, while on a day sitting with Aliena in a great dump, she cast vp her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his forrest Bill on his necke. At which sight her colour changed, and shée said to Aliena, sée Mistris where your iolly Forrester comes. And you are not a little glad (quoth Aliena) your nose bewrayes what pottage you loue, the wind cannot be tyed within a quarter, the sunne shadowed within a vale, oyle hidden in water, nor loue kept out of a womans lookes: but no more of that, *Lupus est in fabula*. As soone as Rosader was come within the reach of her tongues end, Aliena began thus. Why how now gentle Forrester, what winde hath kept you from hence, that béeing so newly married, you haue no more care of your Rosalind, but to absent your selfe so many dayes? Are these the passions you painted out in your Sonnets and Roundelaies? I sée well hot loue is soone cold, & that the fansie of men is like a lose feather that wandereth in the aire with the blast of euery winde. You are deceiued Mistris, quoth Rosader, twas a copie of vnkindnesse that kept mee hence, in that I being married you carried away the Bride: but if I haue giuen any occasion of offence, by absenting my selfe three dayes, I humbly sue for pardon, which you must grant of course, in that the fault is so friendly confest with penance. But to tell you the truth, faire Mistris, and my good Rosalind, my eldest brother, by the iniurie of Torismond, is banished from Bourdeaux, and by chance hée and I met in the Forrest. And here Rosader discourst vnto them what had happened betwixt them: which reconcilement made them glad, especially Ganimede.

But Aliena hearing the tyrannie of her father, grieued inwardly, & yet smothered all things with such secresie, that the concealing was more sorrow then the conceit, yet that her estate might be hid still, thee

the made faire weather of it, and so let all passe.

Fortune that saw how these parties valewed not her Deitie, but held her power in scorne, thought to haue about with them, and brought the matter to passe thus. Certaine rascalls that liued by prowling in a forrest, who for feare of the Provost Marshall, had caues in the groues and thickets, to shrowd themselues from his traines: hearing of the beautie of this faire Shepheardesse Aliena, thought to steale her away, and giue her to the King for a present, hoping, because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift, to purchase all their pardons, and therefore came to take her, and her page away. Thus resolued, while Aliena and Ganimede were in sad talke, they came rushing in, and laide violent hands on Aliana and her Page, which made them crie out to Rosader, who hauing the valour of his father stampt in his heart, thought rather to die in defence of his friends, then any way to be touched with the least blemish of dishonor, and therefore dealt such blows among them with his weapon, as hee did witnesse well vpon their carkasses, that hee was no coward. But as, *ne Hercules quidem contra duos*, so Rosader could not resist a multitude, hauing none to backe him: so that he was, not only bated, but sore wounded, and Aliena and Ganimede had beene carried away by the rascalls, had not Fortune (that meant to turne her frowne into fauour) brought Saladine that way by chance, who wandring to finde out his brothers walke encountred this crew, and seeing, not onely a Shepheardesse and her boy forced, but his Brother wounded, he heaued vp a forrest bill he had on his necke, and the first hee stroke, had neuer after more neede of the phisition, redoubling his blowes with such courage, that the slaues were amazed at his valour.

Rosader seeing his brother so fortunately arriued, and seeing how valiantly he behaued himselfe, though sore wounded, rushed among them, and laid on such loade, that some of the crew were slaine, and the rest fled, leauing Aliena and Ganimede to the possession of Rosader and Saladine.

Aliena, after shee had breathed a while, and was come to herselfe from this feare, lookt about her, and saw where Ganimede was busie, dressing vp the wounds of the forrester: but shee cast her eye vpon this curteous champion, that had made so hot a rescue, and that with such affection, as she beganne to measure euery part of him

with fauour, and in her ſelfe, to commend his perſonage and his vertue, holding him for a reſolute man, that durſt aſſaile ſuch a troope of vnbrideled villaines. At laſt gathering his ſpirits together, ſhe returned vnto him theſe thankes.

Gentle ſir, whatſoeuer you be that haue aduenſured your fleſh, to relieue our fortunes, and to haue as many hidden vertues as you haue manifeſt reſolutions: Wee poore Shepheards haue no wealth but our flockes, and therefore can we not make requitall with any great treaſure, but our recompence is thanks, & faith our rewards to our friends without fayning. For ranſome therefore of this our reſcue, you muſt content your ſelfe to take ſuch a kinde of gramercy, as a poore ſhepheardeſſe and her page may giue you: with promiſe (in what we may) neuer to proue ingratefull. For this gentleman that is hurt, yong Roſader, he is our good neighbor and familiar acquaintance, wee'le pay him with ſmiles, and féede him with loue lookes, and though he be neuer the fatter at the yeares end, yet wée'le ſo hamper him, that he ſhall hold himſelfe ſatiſfied.

Saladine hearing this ſhepheardeſſe ſpeake ſo wiſely, began more narrowly to pry into her perfection, and ſo ſeruay all her liniaments with a curious inſight: ſo long dallying in the flame of her beautie, that to his coſt he found her to be moſt excellent: for Loue that lurked in all theſe bryples to haue a blow or two, ſéeing the parties at the gaze, encountred them both with ſuch a deny, that the ſtroke pierſt to the heart ſo déepe, as it could neuer bee raced out. At laſt, after hée had looked ſo long till Aliena waxt red, hée returned her this anſwere.

Faire ſhepheardeſſe, if fortune graced mee with ſuch good happe, as to doe you any fauour, I hold my ſelfe as contented, as if I had gotten a greater conqueſt: for the reliefe of a diſtreſſed woman, is the ſpeciall poynt, that Gentlemen are tyed vnto by honour: ſéeing then by hazard to reſcue your harmes, was rather dutie then curteſie, thankes is more then belongs to the requitall of ſuch a fauour. But leaſt I might ſéeme either coy, or to careleſſe of a Gentlewomans proffer, I will take your kinde Gramercy for a recompence. All this while that he ſpake, Ganimede lookt earneſtly vpon him, and ſaid. Truely Roſader this Gentleman fauours you much in the feature of your face. No marualle, quoth he (gentle Swayne) for tis my eldeſt Brother Saladine. Your brother, quoth

(quoth Aliena) and with that shee blusht, hee is the more welcome and I hold my selfe the more his debter, and for that he hath in our behalfe done such a peece of seruice, if it please him to doe me that honour, I will call him seruant, and he shall call me mistris. Content sweete mistresse (quoth Saladine) and when I forget to call you so, I will bee vnmindfull of mine owne selfe. Away with these quirkes and quiddities of loue, quoth Rosader, and giue me some drinke, for I am passing thirstie, and then will I home, for my wounds bleede sore, and I will haue them dreſt. Ganimede had teares in eyes, and passions in her heart, to see her Rosader so pained, and therefore kept hastily to the bottle, and filled out some wine in a Mazer, shee spiced it with such comfortable drugs as shee had about her, and gaue it him, which did comfort Rosader, that rising (with the helpe of his brother) hee tooke his leaue of them, and went to his lodge. Ganimede as soone as they were out of sight, ledde flocke downe to a dale, and there vnder the shadowe of a Beech tree sate downe, and beganne to mourne the misfortunes of her sweete heart. And Aliena as a woman passing discontent, seuering her selfe from her Ganimede sitting vnder a Lemmon tree, began to sigh out the passions of her new loue, and to meditate with her selfe on this manner.

Alienaes Meditation.

Ay me, now I see, and sorrowing, sigh to see, that Dianaes Lanrells, are harbourers of Venus Doues, that there trace aswell thorow the Lawns, wantons, as chaft ones that Calisto, bee shee neuer so chary, will cast an amorous eye at courting loue: and Diana her selfe will change her shape, but she will honour loue in a shadow: that maidens eyes, bee they as hard as Diamonds, yet Cupid hath drugs to make them more pliable then wax. See Aliena, who fortune and loue haue interleagued themselues to bee thy foes, and to make thee their subiect, or else their abiect, haue inueigled thy sight with a most beautifull obiect. Of late thou heldst Venus for a giglet, not a Goddesse, now thou shalt bee forst to sue suppliant to her Deitie. Cupid was a boy, and blind, but alas his eye had aime enough to pierce thee at the heart. While I lined in the Court, I held loue in contempt, and in high seates I had small desire. I knew not affection while I lined in dignitie, now could Venus countercheck mee, as long as my fortune was maiestie, and my thoughts honour: and shall I nowe bee high in desires, when I am made low by destinie:

I haue heard them say, that loue lookes not at lowe Cottages, that Venus sets in robes, and not in rage, that Cupid flies so high that hee scornes to touch powertie with his heele. Tush Alynda, these are but olde wiues tales, and neither authenticall precepts, nor infallible principles: for experience tels thee, that pesants haue their passions, as well as the Princes, that Swaines, as they haue their labours, so they haue their amours, and loue lurkes, as soone about a sheepe-coate as a pallace.

Ah Alinda, this day in auoyding a preiudice, thou art fallen into a deeper mischiefe, being rescued from the robbers, thou art become captiue to Saladine, and what then? women must loue, or they must cease to liue: and therefore did Nature frame them faire, that they might be subiect to fancie. But perhaps Saladines eye is leueld on a more seemely saint. If it be so, beare thy passions with patience. Loue hath wrongd thee that hath not wroong him, if hee bee prowd in contempt, bee thou rich in content, and rather die then discouer any desire: for there is nothing more precious in a woman, then to conceale loue and to die modest. He is sonne and heire of sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, a youth comely enough. O Alinda, too comely, els hadst not thou beene thus discontent: valiant, and that fettered thine eye, wise, else had thou not bin now won: but for al these vertues, banisht by thy father, and therefore if hee know thy parentage, hee will hate the fruit for the tree, and condemne the yong sien for the olde stocke. Well, howsoeuer, I must loue: and whomsoeuer I will, and what so euer betide, Aliena will thinke well of Saladine: suppose hee of mee as he please. And with that fetching a deepe sigh, shee rose vp, and went to Ganimede, who all this while sate in a great dumpe, fearing the iminent danger of her friend Rosader: but nowe Aliena beganne to comfort her, herselfe being ouergrowne with sorrowes, and to recall her from her Melancholie with many pleasant perswasions. Ganimede tooke all in the best part, and so they went home together after they had folded their flockes, supping with olde Coridon, who had prouided their cates. Hee after supper, to passe away the night while bed-time, beganne a long discourse, how Montanus the young Shepheard that was in loue with Phœbe, coulde by no meanes obtaine any fauour at her handes: but still pained in restlesse passions, remayned a hopelesse and perplexed Louer. I would I might (quoth Aliena) once see that Phœbe, is shee so faire

that

that ſhe thinkes no ſhepheard worthie of her beauty? or ſo froward that no loue nor loyalty will content her? or ſo coy, that ſhe requireth a long time to be woed, or ſo fooliſh ſhe forgets, that like a foppe ſhe muſt haue a large harueſt for a little corne.

I cannot diſtinguiſh, ſaid Coridon, of theſe nice qualities, but one of theſe dayes Ile bring Montanus and her downe, that you may ſée their perſons, and note their paſſions, and then where the blame is, there let it reſt. But this I am ſure, ſaid Coridon, if all maides were of her minde, the world would growe to a mad paſſe, for there ſhould be much more of woing, and little wedding, many words and little worſhip, much folly, and no faith.

At this ſad ſentence of Coridon, ſo ſadly brought forth, Aliena ſmiled, and becauſe it waxed late, ſhe and her Page went to bed, both of them hauing fleas in their eares to kéepe them awake, Ganimede for the hurt of her Roſader, and Aliena for the affection ſhe bore to Saladine. In this diſcontented humour, they paſt away the time, till falling aſléepe, their ſenſes at reſt, loue left them to their quiet ſlumbers: which were not long, for aſſone as Phebus roſe from his Aurora, and began to mount him in the ſkie, ſummoning plow-ſwains to their handy labour, Aliena roſe, and going to the couch where Ganimede lay, awaked her Page, ſaying, the morning is farre ſpent, the deaw ſmall, and time called them away to the folds. Ah ha, ſaid Ganimede, is the winde in that doore? Then in faith I perceiue there is no Diamond ſo hard, but will yeeld to the File, no Cedar ſo ſtrong, but the winde will ſhake, or no minde ſo chaſte, but loue will change. Well Aliena, muſt Saladine bee the man, and will it bee a match? truſt mee, hée is faire and valiant, the ſonne of a worthie Knight, whom if hée imitate in perfection, as hée repreſents him in proportion, hée is worthie of no leſſe then Aliena. But hée is an exile, what thene I hope my Miſtris reſpects the vertues, not the wealth, and meaſures the qualities, not the ſubſtance.

Thoſe dames that are like Danae, that like Ioue in no ſhape, but in a ſhowre of gold, I wiſh them huſbands with much wealth, and litle wit, that the want of the one may blemiſh the abundance of the other. It ſhould (my Aliena) ſtaine the honor of a ſhepheards life, to ſet the end of paſſions vpon pelfe. Loues eyes looke not ſo low as gold, there is no fées to be paid in Cupids Courts, and in elder times (as Coridon hath told me) the ſhepheards loue gifts were Apples, and Cheſnuts,

nuts, and then their desires were loyal, and their thoughts constant. But now,

Quærenda pecunia primum post nummos virtus.

And the time is growne to that which Horace in his Satyres wrote on:

——— *omnis enim res,*
Virtus fama decus diuina humanaq́ pulchris
Diuitijs parent: quas qui constrixerit, ille
Clarus erit, fortis, iustus, sapiens, etiam & rex,
Et quicquid volet.

But Aliena, let it not bee so with thée in thy fancies, but respect his faith, and there an end. Aliena hearing Ganimede thus forward to further Saladine in his affections, thought shee kist the childe for the nurses sake, and woed for him, that shee might please Rosader, made this reply.

Why Ganimede, whereof growes this perswasion? Hast thou séene loue in my lookes, or are mine eyes growne so amourous, that they discouer some new entertained fancies? If thou measurest my thoughts by my countenance, thou maist prooue as ill a phisiognomer as the Lapidary, that aimes at the secret vertues of the Topace, by the exteriour shadow of the stone. The operation of the Agate is not knowne by the strakes, nor the Diamond prized by the brightnesse, but by the hardnes. The Carbuncle that shines most, is not euer the most precious: and Apothecaries chuse not flowers for their colours, but for their vertues. Womens faces are not alwaies calanders of fancie, nor doe their thoughts and their lookes euer agree: For when their eyes are fullest of fauours, then are they most empty of desire: and when they seeme to frowne and disdaine, then are they most forward to affection. If I bee melancholy, then Ganimede tis not a consequence that I am intangled with the perfection of Saladine. But séeing fire cannot bee hid in the straw, nor loue kept so couert but it will bee spied, what should friends conceale fancies? Know (my Ganimede) the beauty and valour, the wit & prowesse of Saladine, hath fettered Aliena so farre, as there is no obiect pleasing to her eyes, but the sight of Saladine, and if loue hath done mee iu-

stice

tice, to wrap his thoughts in the folds of thy face, and that hée is as deepely enamored as I am passionate. I tell thée Ganimede, there shall not be much woing, for she is already wonne, and what néds a longer battery? I am glad quoth Ganimede, that it shall bee thus proportioned, you to match with Saladine and I with Rosader, thus haue the destinies fauoured vs with some pleasing aspect, that haue made vs as priuate in our loues, as familiar in our fortunes.

With this Ganimede start vp, made her ready, and went into the fields with Aliena, where vnfolding their flocks they sate thē downe vnder an Oliue trée, both of them amorous, & yet diuerslie affected: Aliena ioying in the excellence of Saladine, and Ganimede sorrowing for the wounds of Rosader, not quiet in thought, till shee might heare of his health. As thus both of them sate in their dumpes, they might espy where Coridon came running towards them, almost out of breath with hast. What newes with you (quoth Aliena) that you come in such poste? Oh mistris (quoth Coridon) you haue a long time desired to sée Phebe the faire shepheardesse, whom Montanus loues, if now so it please you and Ganimede to walke with me to yonder thicket, there shall you sée Montanus and her sitting by a fountaine, he courting her with his country ditties, and she so coy as if she held loue in disdaine.

The newes were so welcome to the two louers, that vp they rose and went with Coridon. Assone as they drew nigh the thicket, they might espy where Phebe sate (the fairest Shepheardesse in all Arden, and the frolikest Swaine in the whole Forrest) thee in a petticoate of Scarlet, couered with a grene mantle, and to shrowde her from the sunne a chaplet of Roses, from vnder which appeared a face full of Natures excellence, and two such eyes as might haue amated a greater man then Montanus. At gaze vpon this gorgeous Nimph sate the Shepheard, féeding his eyes with her fauours, woing with such piteous lookes and courting with such déepe strained sighes: as would haue made Diana her selfe to haue béene compassionate: at last fixing his lookes on the riches of her face, his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knée, he sung this mournefull Dittie.

Montanus Sonnet.

A Turtle sate vpon a leauelesse tree,
mourning her absent pheare,

With ſad and ſorry cheere
About her wondring ſtood,
The Cittizens of wood,
And whilſt her plumes ſhe rents,
And for her loue laments:
The ſtately trees complaine them
The birds with ſorow paine them
Each one that doth her view,
Her paine and ſorrowes rue:
But were the ſorrowes knowne,
That me hath ouerthrowne,
Oh how wonld *Phebe* ſigh, if ſhe looke on me?

The loue-ſicke *Polipheme* that could not ſee,
Who on the barraine ſhore,
His fortunes did deplore:
And melteth all in mone,
For *Galatea* gone:
And with his cryes,
Afflicts both earth and skyes,
And to his woe betoke?
Doth breake both pype and hooke,
For whom complaines the morne,
For whom the Sea-Nymphs mourne.
Alas his paine is nought:
For were my woe but thought,
Oh how would *Phebe* ſigh, if ſhe did looke on me?

Beyond compare my paine, yet glad am I,
If gentle *Phebe* daine, to ſee her *Montane* die.

After this Montanus felt his paſſions ſo extreame, that he fell into this exclamation againſt the iniuſtice of Loue.

Helas Tyrant plein de vigueur
Modere vn peu ta violence,
Que te ſert ai ſi grande deſpence?
Ceſt trop de flammes pour vn cœur,
Eſpargnez en vne eſt incelle,

Puis

Puis fait ton effort d'eſmouoir,
Lafiere qui ne veut point voir,
En quelſeu ie bruſle pour elle.
Executo Amour ce deſſein,
Et rabaiſſe vn peu ſon audace,
Son cœur ne doit eſtre de glace,
Bien que elle ait de neige le ſein.

Montanus ended his Sonnet with ſuch a bollie of ſighs, and ſuch a ſtreame of teares, as might haue moued any but Phebe to haue granted him fauour. But ſhe meaſuring all his paſſions with a coy diſdaine, and triumphing in the pore Shepheards patheticall humours, ſmiling at his martyrdome, as though loue had beene no maladie, ſcornefully warbled out this Sonnet.

Phebes *Sonnet, a reply to* Montanus *paſſion.*

Downe a downe.
Thus *Phillis* ſung,
By fanſie once diſtreſſed,
Who ſo by fooliſh loue are ſtung,
Are worthily oppreſſed.
And ſo ſing I, with a downe, downe, &c.
When loue was firſt begot,
And by the mothers will,
Did fall to humane lot,
His ſolace to fulfill:
Deuoide of all deceit,
A chaſte and holy fire,
Did quicken mans conceit,
And womens breaſt inſpire,
The Gods that ſaw the good,
That mortals did approue,
With kind and holy moode,
Began to talke of loue,
Downe a downe.

Thus *Phillis* ſung,
By fanſie once diſtreſſed, &c.

But during this accord,
A wonder ſtrange to heare:
Whilſt loue in deed and word,
Moſt faithfull did appeare,
Falſe ſemblance came in place,
By iealouſie attended:
And with a double face,
Both Loue and Fanſie blended:
Which make the Gods forſake,
And men from fanſie flie:
And maidens ſcorne a make,
Forſooth and ſo will I.
Downe a downe.

Thus *Phillis* ſung,
by fanſie once diſtreſſed:
Who ſo by fooliſh loue are ſtung,
are worthily oppreſſed.
And ſo ſing I, with downe, a downe, a downe a.

Montanus hearing the cruell reſolution of Phebe, was ſo ouergrowne with paſſions, that from amorous ditties, hee fell flat into theſe termes. Ah Phebe, ſaid he, whereof art thou made, that thou regardeſt not my malady? Am I ſo hateſull an obiect, that thy eyes condemne me for an abiect or ſo baſe, that thy deſires cannot ſtoope ſo lowe as to lend mée a gracious looke? my paſſions are many, my loues more, my thoughts loyaltie, and my fanſie faith: all denoted in humble deuoire to the ſeruice of Phebe, and ſhall I reape no reward for ſuch fealties? The Swaines daily labours is quit with the euenings hire: the Plowmans toyle is eaſed with the hope of Corne: what the Oxe ſweats out at the plough, he fatteth at the crib: but infortunate Montanus hath no ſalue for his ſorrow, nor any hope of recompence, for the hazard of his perplexed paſſions. If (Phebe) time may pleade the proofe of my truth, twice ſeuen winters haue I loued faire Phebe: if conſtancy bée a cauſe to further my ſuite, Montanus thoughts haue béene ſealed in the ſweet of Phebes excellence, as farre from change as ſhe from loue: if outward paſſions may diſcouer inward affections, the furrowes in my face may diſcouer the ſorrows of my heart, and the map of my lookes the griefe of my minde. Thou ſeeſt

ceeſt (Phebe) the teares of diſpaire haue made my cheekes full of wrinckles, and my ſcalding ſighs haue made the aire eccho her pitie, conceiued in my plaints: Philomele hearing my paſſions, hath left her mournfull tunes to liſten to the diſcourſe of my paſſions. I haue pourtraied in euery tree the beauty of my Miſtris, and the deſpaires of my loues. What is it in the woods cannot witneſſe my woes: and who is it would not pitie my plaints: onely Phebe: and why: becauſe I am Montanus, and ſhee Phebe: I a worthleſſe Swaine, and ſhe the moſt excellent of all faires. Beautifull Phebe, oh might I ſay pitifull, then happy were I, though I taſted but one minute of that good hap. Meaſure Montanus, not by his fortune, but by his loues, and ballance not his wealth, but his deſires, and lend but one gracious looke to cure a heape of diſquieted cares: if not, ah if Phebe cannot loue, let a ſtorme of frownes end the diſcontents of my thoughts, and ſo let me periſh in my deſires, becauſe they are aboue my deſerts, onely at my death this fauour cannot be denied me, that all ſhall ſay, Montanus died for loue of hard hearted Phebe.

At theſe words ſhee fild her face full of frownes, and made him this ſhort and ſharpe reply. Impotunate Shepheard, whoſe loues are lawleſſe, becauſe reaſonleſſe: are thy paſſions ſo extreame that thou canſt not conceale it with patience? Or art thou ſo follie ſicke, that thou muſt needs bee fancy ſicke, and in thy affection tyed to ſuch an exigent, as none ſerues but Phebe? Well ſir, if your market can bee made no where elſe, home againe, for your mart is at the faireſt.

Phebe is no lettice for your lips, and her grapes hang ſo high, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot. Yet Montanus, I ſpeake not this in pride, but in diſdaine, not that I ſcorne thee, but that I hate loue, for I count it as great honour to triumph ouer fancie as ouer fortune. Reſt thee content therefore Montanus, ceaſe from thy loues, and bridle thy lookes, quench the ſparkles before they growe to a further flame, for in louing mee, thou ſhalt but liue by loſſe, and what thou vttereſt in words, are written in the wind. Were thou Montanus as faire as Paris, as hardy as Hector, as conſtant as Troylus, as louing as Leander: Phebe could not loue, becauſe ſhee cannot loue at all: and therefore if thou purſue me with Phebus, I muſt flee with Daphne.

Ganimede ouer-hearing theſe paſſions of Montanus, could

not broke the crueltie of Phebe, but ſtarting from behinde the buſh, ſaid: And if (damſell) you flee from mée, I would tranſforme you, as Daphne, to a Bay, and then in contempt, trample your branches vnder my féete. Phebe at this ſuddaine reply was amazed, eſpecially when ſhée ſaw ſo faire a Swaine as Ganimede: bluſhing therefore ſhée would haue béene gone, but that he held her by the hand, and proſecuted his reply thus. What Shepheardeſſe, faire, and ſo cruel, diſdaine beſeemes not cottages, nor copeſſemaides: for either they bee condemned to bee too prowde or too froward. Take héede faire Nymph, that in deſpiſing loue, you be not ouer-reached with loue, and in ſhaking off all, ſhape your ſelfe to your owne ſhadow, and ſo with Narciſſus proue paſſionate, and yet vnpitied. Oft haue I heard, & ſomtimes haue ſéene high diſdaine turned to hot deſires. Becauſe, thou art beautifull, be not ſo coy: as there is nothing more faire, ſo is there nothing more fading: as momentarie as the ſhadowes that growe from a cloudy Sunne. Such, my faire Shepheardeſſe, as diſdaine in youth, deſire in age, and then are they hated in the winter that might haue beene loued in the prime. A wrinkled maide is like a parched Roſe, that is caſt by in Coffers to pleaſe the ſmel, not worne in the hand to content the eye, there is no folly in loue to had I will, and therefore be ruled by mée, loue while thou art yong, leſt thou be diſdained when thou art old. Beauty nor time cannot be recalled, and if thou loue, like of Montanus; for as his deſires are many, ſo his deſerts are great.

Phebe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deeply enamoured of his perfection, as Montanus enueagled with hers, for her eye made ſurney of his excellent feature, which ſhee found ſo rare, that ſhee thought the ghoſt of Adonis had beene leapt from Eliſium, in the ſhape of a Swaine. When ſhee bluſhed at her owne folly, to looke ſo long on a ſtranger, ſhee mildely made anſwere to Ganimede thus: I cannot denie Sir, but I haue heard of loue, though I neuer felt loue, and haue read of ſuch a Goddeſſe as Venus, though I neuer ſaw any but her picture: and perhaps, and with that ſhee wext red and baſhfull, and withall, ſilent: which Ganimede perceiuing, commended in her ſelfe the baſhfulneſſe of the maide, and deſired her to goe forward. And perhaps Sir, quoth ſhee, mine eye hath béene more prodigall to day then euer before: and with that ſhee ſtayed againe, as one greatly paſſionate and perplexed

plered. Aliena ſéing the Hare through the maze, bade her forward with her prattle: but in vaine, for at this abrupt period ſhe brake off, and with her eyes full of teares, and her face couered with a vermilion die, ſhe ſate downe and ſighed, whereupon Aliena, and Ganimede, ſéing the ſhepheardeſſe in ſuch a ſtrange plight, left Phebe with her Montanus, wiſhing her friendly, that ſhée would bée more pliant to loue, leaſt in penance Venus ioyned to her ſome ſharpe penance. Phebe made no reply, but fetcht ſuch a ſigh, that Eccho made relation of her plaint: giuing Ganimede ſuch an adieu with a piercing glance, that the amorous girls boy perceiued Phebe was pincht by the héele.

But leauing Phebe to the folly of her new fancie, and Montanus to attend vpon her: to Saladine, who all this laſt night could not reſt for the remembrance of Aliena, inſomuch that hée framed a ſweete conceited Sonnet to content his humor, which he put in his boſome: béeing requeſted by his brother Roſader to goe to Aliena and Ganimede, to ſignifie vnto them, that his wounds were not dangerous. A more happy meſſage could not happen to Saladine, that taking his Forreſt bill on his necke, he trudged in all haſt towards the plaines, where Alienas flocke did féede: comming iuſt to the place when they returned from Montanus and Phebe, Fortune ſo conducted this iolly Forreſter that hee encountred them and Coridon, whom hée preſently ſaluted on this manner.

Faire ſhepheardeſſe, and ſo faire, vnleſſe your beauty be tempered with curteſie, & the lineaments of the face graced with the inwardes of minde: as many good fortunes to you & your page as your ſelues can deſire and imagin. My brother Roſader (in the griefe of his greene wounds) ſtill mindfull of his friends, hath ſent me vnto you with a kind ſalute, to ſhew that hée brookes his paines with the more patience, in that he holds the parties precious, in whoſe defence he receiued his preiudice. The report of your welfare, will bée a great comfort to his diſtempered body, and diſtreſſed thoughts, and therefore ſent me with a ſtrict charge to viſite you.

And you (quoth Aliena) are the more welcome, in that you are meſſenger from ſo kind a Gentleman, whoſe paines were compaſſionate with as great ſorrow, as hée brookes them with griefe: and his wounds bréed in vs as many paſſions, as in him extreamities: ſo that what diſquiet he féeles in body, we partake in heart.

Wiſhing

wishing (if wee might) that our mishap might salue his maladie. But seeing our wishes yéeld him little ease, our orizons are neuer idle to the Gods for his recouerie, I pray you (quoth Ganimede) with teares in his eyes, when the Surgeon searcht him, held hée his wounds dangerous? Dangerous (quoth Saladine) but not mortall, and the soner to be cured, in that his patient is not impatient of any paines: whereupon my Brother hopes within these tenne daies to walke abroad and visite you himselfe. In the meane time (quoth Ganimede) say his Rosalynd commends her vnto him, and bids him be of good chéere. I know not (quoth Saladine) who that Rosalynd is, but whatsoeuer she is, her name is neuer out of his mouth: but amidst the depest of his passions, he vseth Rosalynd as a charme to appease all sorrowes with patience. Insomuch that I coniecture my brother is in loue with some Paragon that holds his heart perplexed whose name hee oft records with sighes, sometimes with teares, straight with toy, then with smiles: as if in one person loue had lodged a Chaos of confused passions. Wherein I haue noted the variable disposition of fancy, that like the Polype in colours, so it changeth in sundry humors, being as it should séeme, a combat mixt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweet preiudice, like to the Sinople trée, whose blossomes delight the smell, and whose fruit infect the taste.

By my faith (quoth Aliena) Sir, you are deepely read in loue, or growes your insight into affection by experience? Howsoeuer, vndoubtedly it seemeth you are a great Philosopher in Venus principles, els could you not discouer our secret Apborismes. But Sir, our Country amours are not like your courtly fancies, nor is our woing like your suing: for poore Shepheards neuer plaine them, till loue paines them, where the Courtiers eye is full of Compassion, when his heart is most free from affection: They court to discouer their eloquence, wée woo to ease our sorrowes: euerie faire face with them must haue a new fancie, sealed with a sore finger kisse, and a farre fetcht sigh, wée héere loue one, and like to that one, so long as life can maintaine Loue, vsing fewe ceremonies, because wee know fewe subtilties, and little eloquence for that we lightly account of flatterie: onely Faith and Troth, that is Shepheards woing: and Sir, how like you of this? So (quoth Saladine) as I could tye my selfe to such loue. What, and take to low as a Shepheardesse, being

the

The ſame of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, ſuch deſires were a diſgrace to your honour, and with that ſurueying exquiſitely euery part of him, as vttering all theſe words in a deepe paſſion, ſhee eſpyed the paper in his boſome, whereupon growing iealous that it was ſome amorous Sonnet, ſhe ſuddainly ſnatcht it out of his boſome, and aſked if it were any ſecret: ſhe was baſhfull, and Saladine bluſht, which ſhe perceiuing, ſaid: May then Sir, if you waxe red, my life for yours tis ſome loue-matter: Ile ſee your Miſtris name, her praiſes, and your paſſions. And with that ſhe looke on it, which was written to this effect.

Saladines Sonnet.

If it be true that heauens eternall courſe,
With reſtleſſe ſway, and ceaſeleſſe turning glides:
If aire inconſtant be, and ſwelling ſourſe,
Turnes and returnes with many fluent tides:
If earth in winter ſummers pride eſtrange,
And nature ſeemeth onely faire in change.

If it be true that our immortall ſpright,
Deriu'd from heauenly pure, in wandring ſtill,
In nouelty and ſtrangeneſſe doth delight,
And by diſcouering power diſcerneth ill.
And if the body for to worke his beſt,
Doth with the ſeaſons change his place of reſt.

Whence comes it that inforſt by furious skies,
I change both place and ſoyle, but not my heart,
Yet ſalue not in this change my maladies?
Whence growes it that each obiect workes my ſmart.
Alas I ſee my faith procures my miſſe,
And change in loue againſt my nature is.

Et florida pungunt.

Alinda hauing read ouer the Sonnet, beganne thus pleaſantly to deſcant vpon it. I ſee Saladine (quoth ſhee) that as the Sunne is no Sunne without his brightneſſe, nor the Diamond accounted for precious, vnleſſe it be hard: ſo men are no men vnleſſe they bee in

loue: and their honours are measured by their amours, not their labours, counting it more commendable for a Gentleman to be full of fansie, then full of vertue. I had thought,

Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus,
Contemptæ, iacent & sine luce faces.

But I see Ouids axiome is not authenticall, for euen labour hath her loues, & extremitie is no Pumice stone to raze out fansie. Your selfe exiled from your wealth, friends, and Countrie, by Torismond, (sorrowes inough to suppresse affection) yet amidst the depth of these extremities, loue will be Lord, and shew his power to be more predominant then fortune: but I pray you sir (if without offence I may craue it) are they some new thoughts, or some old desires? Saladine, that now saw opportunitie pleasant, thought to strike while the iron was hot, and therfore taking Alinda by the hand, sate downe by her: and Ganimede to giue them leaue to their loues, found her selfe busie about the folds, while Saladine fell into this prattle with Alinda.

Faire Mistris, if I be blunt in discouering my affection, and vse little eloquence in tenelling out my loues, I appeale for pardon to your owne principles, that say, Shepheards vse no ceremonies, for that they acquaint themselues with few subtilties: to frame my selfe therefore to your Countrey fashion, with much faith and little flatterie: know beautifull Shepheardesse, that whilest I liued in the Court, I knew not loues cumber, but I held affection as a toy; not as a maladie: vsing fansie as the Hyperborei doe their flowers which they weare in their bosome all day, and cast them into the fire for fuell at night. I liked all, because I loued none, and who was most faire, on her I fed mine eye, but as charily as the Bee, that as soone as shee hath sucke home from the Rose, straight flieth to the next Marigold. Liuing thus at mine owne list, I wondred at such as were in loue, and when I read their passions, I tooke them onely for Poems, that flowe from the quicknesse of their wit not the sorrowes of their heart: But now, faire Nymph since I became a Forrester, Loue hath taught me such a lesson, that I must confesse his deity and dignity, as there is nothing so precious as beauty, so there is nothing more piercing then Fansie. For since first I arriued in this place, and mine eye tooke a curious suruey of your excellence, I haue beene so fettered with your beauty and vertue, as (sweete Alinda) Saladine without further circumstance

loues

loues Alinda. I could paint out my desires with long ambages: but seeing in many words lies mistrust, and that trueth is euer naked, let this suffice for country woing, Saladine loues Alinda, and none but Alinda. Although these words were most heauenly harmony in the eares of the Shepheardesse, yet to seeme coy at the first courting, and to disdaine loue howsoeuer shee desired loue, shee made this reply.

Ah Saladine, though I seeme simple, yet am I more subtle then to swallow the hooke because it hath a painted baite: as men are wise, so women are wary, specially if they haue that wit, by others harmes to beware. Doe we not know, Saladine, that mens tongues are like Mercuries pipe, that can inchant Argus with an hundred eyes: and their words are pretudiciall as the charmes of Circes, that transforme men into monsters? If such Syrens sing, wee poore women had need stop our eares, least in hearing, we proue so foolish hardy, as to beleeue them and so perish in trusting much, and suspecting little, Saladine *Piscator ictus sapit*, he that hath beene once poysoned, and afterwards feares not to bowse of every potion, is worthy to suffer double penance. Giue mee leaue then to mistrust, though I doe not condemne. Saladine is now in loue with Alinda, he a Gentleman of great parentage, shee a Shepheardesse of meane parents: hee honorable, and shee poore: can loue consist of contraries? will the falcon pearch with the kistrell, the lion harbor with the wolfe? will Venus coyne robes and rags together? or can there bee a simpathy betweene a king and a begger?

Then Saladine, how can I beleeue thee, that loue should vnite our thoughts, when fortune hath set such a difference betweene our degrees? But suppose thou likest of Alindes beautie, men in their fancie resemble the Waspe, which feedes that flower from which she hath fetcht her ware: playing like the inhabitants of the Iland Tenerifa, who when they haue gathered the sweet spices, vse the Trees for fewell: so men, hauing glutted themselues with the faire of womens faces, hold them for necessary euils: and wearied with that which they seemed so much to loue, cast away fancie, as children doe their rattles: and loathing that which so deeply before they liked, especially such as take loue in a minute, and haue their eyes attractiue like Iet, apt to entertaine any obiect, are as redie to let it slip againe. Saladine hearing how Alinda harpt still on

one string, which was the doubt of mens constancie, he brake off her sharpe inuective thus.

I grant Alinda (quoth he) many men haue done amisse, in pruning sone ripe, and sone rotten: but particular instances infer no generall conclusions: and therefore I hope, what others haue faulted in, shall not preiudice my fauors. I will not vse sophistry to confirme my loue for that is subtiltie: nor long discourses, least my words might bee thought more then my faith: but if this will suffice, that by the honor of a Gentleman I loue Alinda: and woe Alinda: not to crappe the blossomes, & reiect the tree, but to consummate my faithfull desires, in the honorable end of mariage.

At this word mariage, Alinda stood in a maze what to answer: fearing if shee were too coy, to driue him away with her disdaine, if shee were too curteous, to discouer the heate of her desires. In a dilemma thus what to doe, at last this she said: Saladine, euer since I saw thee, I fauored thee, I cannot dissemble my desires, because I see thou doest faithfully manifest thy thoughts, and in liking thee, I loue thee, so farre as mine honor holdes fancy still in suspence: but if I knew thee as vertuous as thy father, or aswell qualified as thy brother Rosader, the doubt should be quickly decided: but for this time to giue thee an answere, assure thy selfe thus, I will either marry with Saladine, or still liue a virgin, and with this they strained one anothers hand. Which Ganimede espying, thinking hee had his mistris long enough at shift, said: what, a match or no? A match (said Alinda) or else it were an ill market. I am glad (said Ganimede) I would Rosader were heere to make vp the messe. Well, remembred (said Saladine) I forgot, I left my brother Rosader alone, therefore, least being solitarie hee should encrease his sorrowes: I will haste me to him. May it please you then to command mee any seruice to him, I am ready to be a dutifull messenger. Onely at this time commend me vnto him (quoth Alinda) and tell him though we cannot pleasure him, wee pray for him. And forget not (quoth Ganimede) my commendations: but say to him that Rosalynd, sheds as many teares from her heart, as he drops blood from his wounds, for the sorrow of his misfortunes, feathering all her thoughts with disquiet, till his welfare procure her content; say this (good Saladine (and so farewell. Hee hauing his message, gaue a curteous adiew to them both, especially to Alinda: and so playing loath

to

to depart, went to his brother.

But Alinda perplexed, and yet ioyfull, paſt away the day pleſantly, ſtill praying the perfection of Saladine, not ceaſing to chat of her new loue, till euening drewe on, then they folding their ſheepe, went home to bed, Where we leaue them, and returne to Phebe. Phebe fired with the vncouth flame of loue, returned to her fathers houſe, gauled with reſtleſſe paſſions, as now ſhe beganne to knowledge, there was no flower ſo freſh, but might be parched with the Sunne: no tree ſo ſtrong, but might be ſhaked with a ſtorme, ſo there was no thought ſo chaſte, but time armed with loue, could make amarous: for thee that held Diana for the Goddeſſe for her deuotion, was now faine to flie to the altar of Venus, as ſuppliant now with prayers, as ſhe was froward afore with diſdaine. As thee lay in her bed, thee called to minde the ſeuerall beauties of young Ganimede, firſt his locks: which being amber hued, paſſeth the wreath Phebus puts on, to make his front glorious: his browe Iuorie, was like the ſeate where loue and maieſty ſits inthrond, to inchaine Fancy: his eyes as bright as the burniſhing of the heauen, darting forth frownes with diſdaine, and ſmiles with fauour, lightning ſuch lokes as would inflame deſire, were ſhe wrapt in circle of the frozen Zone: in his cheekes the vermilion tincture of the Roſe florified vpon naturall Alablaſter, the bluſh of the morne & Lunaes ſiluer ſhew were ſo liuely portrayed, that the Troian that filles out wine to Iupiter, was not halfe ſo beautiful, his face was ful of pleaſance, & al the reſt of his lineaments proportioned with ſuch excellence, as Phebe was fettered in the ſweeteneſſe of his feature. The idea of theſe perfections tumbling in her minde, made the poore ſhepheardeſſe ſo perplexed, as feeling a pleaſure tempered with intollerable paines, and yet a diſquiet mixt with a content, ſhe rather wiſht to die then to liue in this amorous anguiſh. Wiſhing is little worth in ſuch extreames, and therefore was ſhe forced to pine in her maladie, without any ſalue for her ſorrowes: reueale it ſhe durſt not, as daring in ſuch matters to make none her ſecretary: and to conceale it, why it doubled her griefe: for as fire ſuppreſt, growes to the greater flame, and the current ſtopt, to the more violent ſtreame, ſo loue ſmothered, wrings the heart with deeper paſſions.

Perplexed thus with ſundrie agonies, her fode beganne to faile, and the diſquiet of her minde beganne to worke a diſtemperature of

her body, that to be short, Phebe fell extreame sick, and so sicke, as there was (almost) left no recouerie of her health. Her father seeing his faire Phebe thus distrest, sent for his friends, who sought by medicine, to cure, and by counsaile to pacifie, but all in vaine: for although her bodie was feeble through long fasting, yet shee, *magis ægrotauit animo quam corpore.* Which her friends perceiued, and sorrowed at, but salue it they could not.

The newes of her sickenesse was bruted abroad through all the Forrest, which no sooner came to Montanus eare, but he like a mad man, came to visit Phebe: where sitting by her bed side, hee beganne his exordium with many teares and sighs, that shee perceiuing the extremitie of his sorrowes, beganne now as a Louer to pittie them, though Ganimede held her from redressing them. Montanus craued to knowe the cause of her sickenesse, tempered with secrete plaints, but shee answered him and the rest with silence, hauing still the forme of Ganimede in her minde, and coniecturing how shee might reueale her loues. To vtter them in wordes shee found her selfe too bashfull: to discourse by any friend, shee would not trust any in her amours: to remaine thus perplexed still, and conceale all, it was a double death: whereupon for her last refuge, shee resolued to write to Ganimede, and therefore desired Montanus to absent himselfe a while, but not to depart, for shee would see if shee could steale a nap. Hee was no sooner gone out of her chamber, but reaching her standish, shee take pen and paper, and wrote a letter to his effect.

Phebe to Ganimede, wisheth that she wants herselfe.

FAire Shepheard (therefore is Phebe vnfortunate, because thou art faire) although hitherto mine eyes were Adamants, to resist loue, yet I no sooner saw thy face, but they became amorous, to entertaine loue, more deuoted to fancie, then before they were repugnant to affection, addicted to the one by nature, drawne to the other by beautie: which being rare and made more excellent by many vertues, hath so snared the freedome of Phebe, as shee rests at thy mercy, either to bee made the most fortunate of all Maidens or the most miserable of all women. Measure not Ganimede my loues by my wealth, nor my desires by my degree: but thinke my thought as

full

full of faith, as thy face of amiable fauours. Then, as thou knowest thy selfe most beautifull, suppose mée most constant. If thou feare me hard hearted, because I hated Montanus, thinke I was forst to it by Fate. If thou sayst I am kind hearted, because so lightly I loued thée at the first looke, thinke I was driuen to it by Destinie, whose influence, as it is mighty, so it is not to be resisted. If my fortunes were any thing but infortunate loue, I would striue with Fortune: but he that wrestles against the will of Venus, séekes to quench fire with oyle, and to thrust out one thorne by putting in another. If Ganimede, loue enters at the eye, harbours in the heart, and will neither be driuen out with physike, nor reason, pitie me, as one whose maladie hath no salue, but from thy sweet selfe, whose griefe hath no ease but through thy grant: and thinke I am a virgin who is deeply wronged when I am forst to woe, and coniecture Loue to bee strong, that is more forcible then Nature. Thus distressed, vnlesse by thée eased, I expect either to liue fortunately by thy fauour, or die miserably by thy denial. Liuing in hope, Farewell.

She that must be thine,
or not at all, *Phœbe.*

To this Letter shee annexed this Sonnet.

Sonetto.

My Boat doth passe the streights,
Of Seas incenst with fire,
Fild with forgetfulnesse,
Amidst the winters night:
A blind and careleſſe boy,
(Brought vp by fond desire)
Doth guide me in the sea,
Of sorrow and despight.

For euery oare, he sets,
A ranke of foolish thoughts,
And cuts (in stead of waue)
A hope without distresse,
The winds of my deepe sighs,
(That thunder still for nought)
Haue split my sailes with feare,
with care and heauinesse,

A mighty ſtorme of teares,
A blacke and hideous cloude,
A thouſand fierce diſdaines,
Doe ſlacke the haleyards oft,
Till ignorance doe pull,
And errour baile the ſhroude,
No ſtarre for ſafety ſhines,
No *Phebe* from aloft.
Time hath ſubdued Art, and Ioy is ſlaue to Woe,
Alas (Loue guide) be kind, what ſhall I periſh ſo?

This Letter and the Sonnet being ended, ſhee could finde no fit meſſenger to ſend it by, and therefore ſhee called Montanus, and entreated him to carrie it to Ganimede. Although poore Montanus ſaw day at a little hole, and did perceiue what paſſion pinched her, yet (that he might ſeeme dutifull to his Miſtris in all ſeruice) he diſſembled the matter, and became a willing meſſenger of his owne martyrdome, & ſo (taking the letter) went the next morne very early to the plaines where Alinda fed her flocks, and there he found Ganimede ſitting vnder a Pomgranate tree, ſorrowing for the hard fortunes of her Roſader. Montanus ſaluted him, and according to his charge, deliuered Ganimede the Letters, which (he ſaid) came from Phebe. At this the wanton bluſht, and being abaſht to thinke what newes ſhould come from an vnknowne ſhepheardeſſe: but taking the Letters, vnript the ſeales, and read ouer the diſcourſe of Phebes fancies. When ſhe had read and ouer-read them, Ganimede began to ſmile, and looking on Montanus, fell into a great laughter, and with that called Alinda, to whom ſhe ſhewed the writings, who hauing peruſed them, conceited them very pleaſantly, and ſmiled to ſee how loue had yoked her, who before would not ſtoope to the lure. Alinda whiſpering Ganimede in the eare, and ſaying: Know Phebe what want there were in thee to perſeuere her will, and how vnfit thy kind is to be kinde to her, ſhe would be more wiſe, and leſſe enamoured: but leauing that, I pray thee let vs ſport with this ſwain.

At this word Ganimede turning to Montanus, began to glance at him thus. I pray thee tell mee Shepheard, by thoſe ſweete thoughts and pleaſing ſighs that grow from thy Miſtris fauours, art thou in loue with Phebe? Oh my youth, quoth Montanus, were Phebe

ſo

so far in loue with me, my flocks would be more fat, and their Maister more quiet: for through the sorrowes of my discontent, growes the leannesse of my sheepe. Alas poore swaine, quoth Ganimede, are thy passions so extreame, or thy fancie so resolute, that no reason will blemish the pride of thy affection, and race out that which thou striuest for without hope? Nothing can make me forget Phebe, whilst Montanus forget himselfe: for these characters true loue hath stamped, neither the enuie of time, nor fortune can wipe away. But Montanus, quoth Ganimede, enter with a deepe insight into the disparis of thy fancies, and thou shalt see the depth of thine owne follies: for (poore man) thy progresse in loue, is a regresse to losse, swimming against the streame with the crab, and flying with Apis Indica against winde and weather. Thou seekest with Phœbus to win Daphne, and she flies faster then thou canst follow: thy desires soare with the hobby, but her disdaine reacheth higher then thou canst make wings, I tel thee Montanus, in courting Phebe, thou barkest with the wolues of Syria against the moone, & roarest at such a mark with thy thoghts, as it is beyond the pitch of thy bow, praying to loue when loue is pitilesse, and thy maladie remediles. For proofe Montanus read these Letters, wherein thou shalt see thy great follies, and little hope.

With that Montanus toke them and perused them, but with such sorrow in his looks, as they bewrayed a confuse of confused passions in his heart: at euery line his colour changed, and euery sentence was ended with a period of sighs.

At last, noting Phebes extreame desire towards Ganimede, and her disdaine towards him, giuing Ganimede the Letter, the Shepheard stood as though hee had neither wonne nor lost. Which Ganimede perceiuing, waked him out of his dreame, thus: now Montanus, dost thou see, thou boweſt great seruice, and obtainest but little reward: but in lieu of thy loyaltie, I make thee as Bellephoron, carry thine owne bane. Then drinke not willingly of that potion wherein thou knowest is poyson, creepe not to her that cares not for thee. What Montanus there are many as faire as Phebe, but most of all more curteous then Phebe. I tell thee shepheard, fauour is loues fewell: then since thou canst not get that, let the flame banish into smoake, and rather sorrow for a while, then repent thee for euer. I tel thee Ganimede, quoth Montanus, as they which are stung with the Scorpion, cannot be recouered but by the Scorpion, nor hee that

was wounded with Achilles lance, be cured but with the same truncheon: Apollo was faine to cry out, that loue onely was ealed with loue, and fancie healed by no medicine but fauour: Phœbus had hearbs to heale all hurts but this passion, Circes had charmes, for all chances but for affection, and Mercurie subtill reasons to refell all griefes but loue. Perswasions are boteles, reasons lend no remedy, counsell no comfort, to such whom fancie hath made resolute: and therefore though Phebe loues Ganimede, yet Montanus must honor none but Phebe.

Thus quoth Ganimede, may I rightly terme thée a dispairing louer, that liuest with ioy, and louest without hope: but what shall I doe Montanus to pleasure thée? shall I disdaine Phebe as thée disdaines thée? Oh (quoth Montanus) that were to renue my griefe, and double my sorrowes: for the sight of her discontent were the censure of my death, Alas Ganimede though I perish in my thoughts, let not her in her desires. Of all passions loue is most impatient, then let not so faire a creature as Phebe sinke vnder the burthen of so déepe distresse. Being loue sicke, thée is proued heart sicke, and all for the beauty of Ganim. Thy proportion hath intangled her affections, and she is snared in the beauty of thy excellence. Then sith she loues thée so déere, dislike not her deadly. Be thou paramor to such a paragon, she hath beauty to please thine eye, & flocks to enrich thy store. Thou canst not wish for more then thou shalt winne by her: for thée is beautiful, vertuous, and wealthy, thée deepe perswasions to make loue frolike. Aliens séeing Montanus cut it against the hayre, and pleade that Ganimede ought to loue Phebe, answered him thus. Why Montanus doost thou further this motion? séeing if Ganimede marry Phebe, thy market is cleane marred.

Ah mistris (quoth hée) so hath loue taught mee to honor Phebe, that I would preiudice my life to pleasure her, and die in despaire, rather then she would perish for want. It shall suffice me to sée her contented, and to féede mine eye on her fauour. If she marry, though it be my Partyrdome: yet if she be pleased, Ile brook it with patience, and triumph in mine owne starres to sée her desires satisfied. Therefore if Ganimede be as courteous as he is beautifull, let him shew his vertues in redressing Phebes miseries. And this Montanus pronounst with such an assured countenance, that it amazed Aliens, and Ganimede to sée the resolutions of his loues, for that they pitied his

his passions, and commended his patience, deuising how they might by any subtilty, get Montanus Phebes fauor. Straight (as womens heads are full of wiles) Ganimede had a fetch to force Phebe to fancy the Shepheard, malgrado the resolution of her minds, he prosecuted his policie thus. Montanus, quoth hee, seeing Phebe is so forlorne, lest I might bee counted vnkinde, in not saluing so faire a creature, I will goe with thee to Phebe, and there heare her selfe in word vtter, that she hath discourst with her pen, and then, as loue wils me, I will set downe my censure. I will home to our house, and send Coridon to accompany Aliena. Montanus seemed glad of his determination, and away they goe towards the house of Phebe. When they drew me to the cottage, Montanus ran before, and went in and told Phebe, that Ganimede was at the doore. This word (Ganimede) sounding in the eares of Phebe, droue her into such an ertasie for ioy, that rising vp in her bed, shee was halfe reuiued, and her wanne colour began to ware red: and with that came Ganimede in, who saluted Phebe with such a curteous looke, that it was halfe a salue to her sorrowes: sitting him downe by her bed side, he questioned about her disease, and where the paine chiefly held her. Phebe looking as louely as Venus in her night-geare, tainting her face with as ruddy a blush as Clitia did when shee bewraide her loues to Phœbus, taking Ganimede by the hand, said thus: Faire Shepheard, if loue were not more strong than nature, or fansie the sharpest extreame, my immodestie were the more, and by vertues the lesse: for nature hath framed womens eyes bashfull, their hearts full of feare, and their tongues full of silence: but loue, that imperious loue, where his power is predominant, there he peruerteth all, and wreaks the wealth of nature to his owne will: an instance in my selfe, faire Ganimede, for such a fire hath he kindled in my thoughts, that to finde ease for the flame, I was forced to passe the bounds of modestie, and seeke the salue at thy hands for my harmes: blame not if I be ouer-bold, for it is thy beauty, and if I be to forward, it is fansie, and the deepe insight into thy vertues that doe make mee thus fond. For, let mee say in a word what may be contayned in a volume? Phebe loues Ganimede: at this shee held downe her head, and wept, and Ganimede rose, as one that would suffer no fish to hang on his fingers, made this reply. Water not thy plants, Phebe, for I doe pitie thy plaints, nor seeke not to

diſcouer thy loues in teares: for I coniecture thy trueth by thy paſſions: ſorrow is no ſalue for loues, nor ſighs no remedy for affection. Therefore fralike Phebe, for if Ganimede can cure thee, doubt not of recouery. Yet this let me ſay without offence, that it grieued me to thwart Montanus in his fancies, ſeeing his deſires haue béene ſo reſolute, and his thoughts ſo loyall: but thou alleagedſt that thou art forſt from him by fate, ſo I tell thée Phebe, either ſome ſtarre, or ſome deſtinie fits my minde, rather with Adonis, to die in chaſe, than bee counted a wanton on Venus knée. Though I pitie thy martyrdome, yet cannot I grant marriage, for though I hold thée faire, yet mine eye is not fettered: loue growes not like the herbe Spartanna to his perfection in one night, but créeps with the ſnaile, and yet at laſt, attaines to the top. *Feſtina lentè*, eſpecially in loue, for momentary fancies are oftentimes the fruits of follies: If (Phebe) I ſhould like thée as the Hyperborei doe their dates, which banquet with them in the morning, and throwe them away at night, my folly ſhould bee great, and thy repentance more. Therefore I will haue time to turne my thoughts, and my loues ſhall grow vp as the watercreſſes, ſlowly, but with a déepe roote. Thus Phebe, thou maiſt ſée I diſdaine not, though I deſire not, remaining indifferent, till time and loue makes me reſolute. Therefore Phebe, ſéeke not to ſuppreſſe affection, and with the loue of Montanus, quench the remembrance of Ganimede: ſtriue thou to hate me, as I ſéeke to like of thée, and euer haue the duties of Montanus in thy minde, for well maiſt thou haue one more wealthie, but not more loyall. Theſe words were contraſtues to the perplexed Phebe, that ſobbing out ſighs, and ſtraining out teares, thée blubbered out theſe words.

And ſhall I then haue no ſalue of Ganimede, but ſuſpence, no hope, but a doubtfull hazard, no comfort, but be poſted off to the will of time? Iuſt haue the Gods ballanced my fortunes, who beeing cruell to Montanus, found Ganimede as vnkind to my ſelfe: ſo in forcing him to periſh for loue, I ſhall die my ſelfe with ouermuch loue, I am glad, quoth Ganimede, you looke into your owne faults, and ſée where your thee wrongs you, meaſuring now the paines of Montanus, by your owne paſſions. True, quoth Phebe, and ſo déepely I repent mée of my frowardneſſe towards the Shepheard, that could I ceaſe to loue Ganimede, I would reſolue to loue Montanus. What if I can with reaſon perſwade Phebe to miſſike of Ganimede,

Ganimede, will she then fauour Montanus? When reason, quoth she, doth quench that loue that I doe owe to thée, then will I fancy him: conditionally, that if my loue can be suppzest with no reason, as being without reason, Ganimede will onely wed himselfe to Phebe. I grant it, faire shepheardesse, quoth he, and to féed thée with the swétnes of hope, this resolue on: I will neuer marry my selfe to woman, but to thy selfe: and with that Ganimede gaue Phebe a fruitlesse kisse, and such wozds of comfozt, that befoze Ganimede departed, shee rose out of her bed, and made him and Montanus as good chére as could be found in such a country Cottage, Ganimede in middest of this banquet, rehearsing the pzomises of either, in Montanus fauoz, which highly pleased the shepheard. Thus all three content, and smothed vp in hope, Ganimede tooke his leaue of Phebe, and departed, leauing her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased. But pooze Ganimede, who had her thoughts on Rosader, calling to remembzance his wounds, filled her eyes full of teares, and her heart full of sozrowes, plodded to finde Aliena at the folds, thinking with her pzesence to dziue away her passions. As shee came on the plaines, she might espy where Rosader and Saladine sate with Aliena vnder the shade: which sight was a salue to her griefe, and such a cozdiall vnto her heart, that shee tript amongst the lawnes full of ioy. At last, Coridon, who was with them, spied Ganimede: with that the clowne rose, and running to méete him, cried, O sirrs, a match, a match, our Phillis shall be married on Sunday. Thus the poore peasant frolikt it befoze Ganimede, who comming to the crue, saluted them all, and especially Rosader, saying, that he was glad to sée him so well recouered of his wounds. I had not gone abzoad so sone, quoth Rosader, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which on sunday nert must be solemnized, betwixt my bzother and Aliena. I sée well where loue leades, delay is lothsome, and what small wooing serues where both parties are willing. True, quoth Ganimede, but what a happie day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalind? Ah good Ganimede, quoth hee, by naming Rosalind, renew not my sozrowes foz the thought of her perfections, is the thrall of my miseries. Tush, be of good chéere man, quoth Ganimede, I haue a friend that is déepely experienced in negromancy and magicke, what Art can doe, shall bee acted foz thine aduantage. I will cause to bzing in Rosalind, if either France, oz any bozdering Nation harbour

her, and vpon that take the faith of a yong shepheard. Aliena smiled to see how Rosader frowned, thinking that Gerismond had talked with him. But breaking off from those matters, the Page somewhat pleasant, began to discourse vnto them what had passed betwéen him & Phebe: which as they laught, so they wondred withall, confessing that there is none so chaste, but loue will change. Thus they past away the day in chat, and when the Sunne began to set, they tooke their leaues, and departed. Aliena prouiding for their marriage day, such solemne chéere and hanlome robes as fitted their Country state, and yet somewhat the better, in that Rosader had promised to bring Gerismond thither as a guest. Ganimede, who then meant to discouer her selfe before her father, had made her a gowne of gréene, and a kertle of the finest sendall, in such sort, that shée seemed some heauenly Nymph, harboured in Country attire.

Saladine was not behind in care to set out the nuptials, nor Rosader vnmindfull to bid guests, inuiting Gerismond and his followers to the feast: who gladly granted, so that there was nothing but the day wanting to his marriage. In the meane time Phebe béing a bidden guest, made her selfe as gorgeous as might please the eye of Ganimede: and Montanus suted himselfe with the rest of many of his flocks, to be gallant against that day: for then was Ganimede to giue Phebe answer of her loues: and Montanus, either to heare the dome of his misery, or the censure of his happinesse: but as this geare was a brewing, Phebe past not a day without visiting her Ganimede, so was shée wrapt in the beauty of this louely Swaine. much prattle they had, and discourse of many passions. Phebe wisht for the day (as shee thought) of her welfare. Ganimede smiling to thinke what vnexpected euents would fall out at the wedding. In these humours passed the weeke, that at last Sunday came.

No sooner did Phœbus hench-man appeare in the skie, to giue warning that his Masters horses should bee trapped in his glorious Coach, Coridon in his holiday sute, marueilous seemely, in a russet Jacket welted with the same, and faced with red worsted, hauing a paire of chamblet sleeues, bound at the wreastes with foure yellow laces, closed afore very richly with a dozen of pewter buttons, his hose were of grey kersey, with a large slop, garded ouerthwart the pocket holes with three faire gards, stitcht of either side with red threed: his stocke was of the own, sewed close to his breech,

and

and for to beautifie his hose, he had trust in himselfe round with a dozen of new threeden points of medley coleur: his bonnet grene, whereon stood a copped brooch with the picture of S. Denis: and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his old dayes, hee had a faire sheet-band of fine Lockeram, whipt over with Country blew of no small cost. Thus attired, Coridon bestird himselfe as chiefe stickler in these actions, and had shrowded al the house with flowers, that it seemed rather some of Floraes choice bowers, then any Country cottage.

Thether repaired Phebe with all the maides of the Forrest, to set out the bride in the most semliest sort that might bee, but howsoeuer she helpt to prank out Aliena, yet her eie was still on Ganimede, who was so neate in a suite of gray, that hee seemed Endimion when he won Luna with his lookes, or Paris whn hee plaid the Swaine to get the beauty of the Nimph Oenone, Ganimede like a pretty page waited on his Mistris Aliena, and ouerlookt that all was in readines against the bridegroome should come. Who attired in a Forresters suite, came accompanied with Gerismond, and his brother Rosader early in the morning: where arriued, they were solemnly entertained by Aliena, and the rest of the country swaynes. Gerismond very highly commending the fortunate choice of Saladine, in that hee had chosen a shepheardesse, whose vertues appeared in her outward beautie, being no lesse faire then seeming modest. Ganimede comming in, & seeing her father, began to blush. Nature working affects by her secret effects, scarce could shee abstaine from teares to see her father in so low fortunes, hee that was wont to sit in his royall palace, attended on by twelue noble Peeres, now to bee content with a simple cottage, and a troupe of reueling woodmen for his traine. The consideration of his fall, made Ganimede full of sorrowes: yet that she might triumph ouer fortune, with patience, and not any way dash that merry day with her dumpes, she smothered her melancholy with a shadow of mirth, and very reuerently welcomed the King, not according to his former degree, but to his present estate, with such diligence, as Gerismond began to commend the Page for his exquisite person, and excellent qualities.

As thus the King with the Forresters frolickt it amongst the Shepheards, Coridon came in with a fayre Mazar full of Sider, and presented it to Gerismond, with such a Clownish salute, that

hee

he began to ſmile, and toke it of the old Shepheard very kindly, drinking to Aliena and the reſt of her fayre maides, among whom Phebe was the formoſt. Aliena pledged the king, and dranke to Roſader: ſo the carowſe went round from him to Phebe, &c. As they were thus drinking, and ready to goe to Church, came in Montanus, apparelled all in tawny, to ſignifie that he was forſaken: on his head he wore a garland of willow, his bottle hangd by his ſide, whereon was painted deſpaire, and on his ſhepehoke hung two ſonnets, as labels of his loues and fortunes.

Thus attired came Montanus in, with his face as full of griefe, as his heart was of ſorrowes, ſhewing in his countenance the mappe of extreamities. The Shepheards ſéing him, did him all the honor they could, as béeing the flower of all the Swaines in Arden: for a bonier boy was there not ſéene ſince the wanton wag of Troy, that kept Shéepe in Ida. Yee ſéeing the King, and geſſing it to be Geriſmond, did him all the reuerence his Countrey curteſie could afford, inſomuch that the king wondring at his attire, demanded what hée was. Montanus ouer-hearing him, made this reply. I am, quoth he, Loues Swaine, as full of inward diſcontentments as I ſéeme fraught with outward follies. My eyes like Bées delight in ſwéet flowers, but ſucking their fill on the faire of beauty, they cary home to the hiue of my hart, far more gall then hony, and for one drop of pure dew, a tun full of deadly Aconiton: I hunt with the flie to purſue the Eagle, that flying to nie the ſun, I periſh by the ſun, my thoughts are aboue my reach, and my deſires more than my fortunes, yet neither greater thē my loue. But daring with Phaeton, I fall with Icarus, and ſéeking to paſſe the meane, I die for being ſo meane, my night ſléps are waking ſlumbers, as full of ſorrowes as they be from reſt, and my daies labors are fruitles amoys, ſtaring at a ſtar, and ſtumbling at a ſtraw, leaning reaſon to follow after repētance: yet euery paſſion is a pleaſure, though it pinch, becauſe loue hides his wormeſéed in figges, his poyſons in ſwéet potions, and ſhadowes preiudice with the maſke of pleaſure. The wiſeſt counſellers are my déepe diſcontents, and I hate that which ſhould ſalue my harme, like the patient, which ſtung with the Tarantula, loathe muſicke, and yet the diſeaſe incurable but by melody. Thus Sir, reſtleſſe, I hold my ſelfe remedileſſe, as louing without either reward or regard, & yet louing, becauſe there is none worthy to be loued, but the miſtris of my thoughts. And that I am

as

as full of passions as I haue discourst in my plaints, sir if you please, see my Sonnets, and by them censure of my sorrowes.

These words of Montanus, brought the King into a great wonder, amazed as much at his wit, as at his attire: insomuch that he take the papers off his backe, and read them to this effect.

Montanus first Sonnet.

Alas how wander I amidst these woods,
Whereas no day bright shine doth finde accesse?
But where the melancholy fleeting floods,
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse,
Disarmd of reason, spoyld of natures goods,
Without redresse to salue my heauinesse,
I walke, whilest thought (too cruell to my harmes,
With endlesse griefe my heedlesse iudgement charmes.)
My silent tongue assaild by secret feare,
My trayterous eyes imprisoned in their ioy,
My fatall peace deuoured in fained cheere,
My heart inforst to harbour in annoy,
My reason robd of power by yeelding care,
My fond opinion slaue to euery toy.
Oh loue, the guide in my vncertaine way,
Woe to thy bowe, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

Et florida pungunt.

When the King had read this Sonnet, he highly commended the deuice of the Shepheard, that could so wittily wrap his passions in a shadow, and so couertly conceale that which bred his chiefest discontent: affirming that as the least shrubs haue their tops, the smallest haires their shadowes, so the meanest Swaines had their fancie, and in their kind were as chary of loue as a King. Whetted on with this deuice, he take the second and read it, the effects were these.

Montanus second Sonnet.

When the dogge,
Full of rage,
With his irefull eye,
Frownes amidst the skye:
The shepheard to asswage,
The furie of the heate,
Himselfe doth safely seate,
By a fount,
Full of faire,
Where a gentle breath,
Mounting from beneath,
Tempereth the aire.
There his flockes,
Drinke their fill.

And with eaſe repoſe,
Whilſt ſweet ſleepe doth cloſe
Eyes from toyling ill.
But I burne,
Without reſt,
No defenſiue power,
Shields from Phebes lower:
Sorrow is my beſt,
Gentle loue
Lowre no more:

If thou wilt inuade,
In the ſecret ſhade,
Labour not ſo ſore,
I my ſelfe,
And my flocks,
They their loue to pleaſe,
I my ſelfe to eaſe,
Both leaue the ſhady oakes,
Content to burne in fire,
Sith loue doth ſo deſire.

Et florida pungunt.

Geriſmond ſéeing the pithie vaine of thoſe Sonets, began to make further enquiry what he was: whereupon Roſader diſcourſt vnto him the loue of Montanus to Phebe, his great loyaltie, and her great cruelty, and how in reuenge the Gods had made the curious Nimph amorous of yong Ganimede. Vpon this diſcourſe the King was deſirous to ſée Phebe, who being brought before Geriſmond by Roſader, ſhadowed the beauty of her face with ſuch a vermilion teinture, that the Kings eyes begauns to dazle at the beauty of her excellence. After Geriſmond had fed his lokes a while vpon her faire, hee queſtioned with her, why ſhe rewarded Montanus loue with ſo little regard, ſéeing his ſecrets were many, and his paſſions extreme. Phebe to make reply to the Kings demand, anſwered thus: Loue (ſir) is charitie in his law, and whatſoeuer hee ſets downe for iuſtice, bée it neuer ſo vniuſt, the ſentence cannot be reuerſt: womens fanſies lend fauors not euer by deſert, but as they are inforſt by their deſires: for fancie is ſlie to the wings of fate, and what the ſtarres decrée, ſtands for an infallible howre. I know Montanus is wiſe, and womens eares are greatly delighted with wit, as hardly eſcaping the charms of a pleaſant tongue, as Vliſſes the melodie of the Syrens: Montanus is beautifull, and womens eyes are ſnared in the excellence of the obiects, as deſirous to ſéede their lokes with a face faire, as the Bée to ſucke the ſwéete flower. Montanus is wealthie, and an ounce of giue me, perſwades a woman more then a pound of heare me.

Danae was won with a golden ſhowre, when ſhée could not bee gotten with all the intreaties of Iupiter: I tell you ſir, the ſtring of a womans heart reacheth to the pulſe of her hand, and let a man rub that with gold, and tis hard but ſhe will yéeld his hearts gold,

Montanus

Montanus is young, a great clause in ſancies court: Montanus is vertuous, the richeſt argument that loue yéelds, and yet knowing al theſe perfections, I praiſe them, and wonder at them, louing the qualities, but not affecting the perſon, becauſe the deſtinies haue ſet downe a contrarie cenſure. Yet Venus, to adde reuenge, hath giuen me wine of the ſame grape, a ſip of the ſame ſawſe, and ſtring mee with the like paſſion, hath croſt me with as ill a penance: for I am in loue with a ſhepheards ſwaine, as coy to me, as I am cruell to Montanus, as peremptorie in diſdaine, as I was peruerſe in deſire, and that is, quoth ſhe, Alienàes page, young Ganimede,

Geriſmond deſirous to proſecute the end of theſe paſſions, called in Ganimede, who knowing the caſe, came in graced with ſuch a bluſh, as beautified the chriſtall of his face with a ruddy brightnes. The king nothing well the phiſnomie of Ganimede: beganne by his fauor, to call to minde the face of his Roſalynd, and with that fetcht a déepe ſigh. Roſader that was paſſing familiar with Geriſmond, demaunded of him, why he ſighed ſo ſore: Becauſe Roſader, quoth he the fauor of Ganimede puts me in mind of Roſalynd. At this word, Roſader ſighed ſo déepely, as though his heart would haue burſt. And whats the matter quoth Geriſmond, that you quite me with ſuch a ſigh? Pardon me ſir (quoth Roſader) becauſe I loue none but Roſalynd, And vpon condition quoth Geriſmond that Roſalind were here, I would this day make vp a marriage betwixt her and thée. At this Aliena turned her head, and ſmiled vpon Ganimede, and thee could ſcarce kéepe countenance: yet thé ſalued all with ſecreſie, and Geriſmond to driue away ſuch dumps, queſtioned with Ganimede what the reaſon was hee regarded not Phebes loue, ſeing thé was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine? Ganimede anſwered, if I ſhould affect the faire Phebe, I ſhould greatly iniure poore Montanus, to winne that from him in a moment, hée hath laboured for ſo many moneths. Yet haue I promiſed to the beautifull ſhepheardeſſe, to vow my ſelfe neuer to woman except vnto her, but with this promiſe, that if I can with reaſon ſuppreſſe Phebes loue towards me, ſhe ſhal like of none but Montanus. To that quoth Phebe, I ſtand, for my loue is ſo farre beyond reaſon, as it will admit no perſwaſion of reaſon: for iuſtice, quoth he, I appeale to Geriſmond: and to his cenſure will I ſtand, quoth Phebe. And in your victorie quoth Montanus, ſtands the hazard of my fortune: for if Ganimede

goe away with the conquest, Montanus is in conceit loues monarch: if Phebe win, then am I in effect most miserable. Wee will sée this controuersie quoth Gerism. and then we will to church, therefore Ganimede let vs heare your argument. May pardon my absence a while quoth she, & you shall sée one in store. In went Ganimede & drest her selfe in womans attire, hauing on a gowne of grene, with a kirtle of rich sendall, so quaint, that shée seemed Diana, triumphing in the forest, vpon her head shee wore a chaplet of roses, which gaue her such a grace, that she looked like Flora pearkt in the pride of all her flowers, thus attired came Rosalynd in, and presented her selfe at her fathers féete, with her eyes full of teares, as craning his blessing, & discoursing vnto him all her fortunes, how she was banished by Torismond, and how euer since she lived in that country disguised, Gerismond séeing his daughter, rose from his seat. and fell vpon her neck, vttering the passions of his ioy in watery plaints, driuen into such an extasie of content, that hee could not vtter one word. At this sight, if Rosader, was both amazd and ioyfull, I referre my selfe to the iudgement of such as haue experience in loue, & séeing his Rosalynd before his face, whom so long and so dearely hée had affected. At last Gerismond recouered his spirites, & in most fatherly termes entertayned his daughter Rosalind, after many questions demanding of her what had past betwéene her and Rosader. So much sir, quoth she, as there wants nothing but your grace to make vp the mariage. Why then quoth Gerismond, Rosader take her, shee is thine, and let this day solemnize both thy brothers and thy nuptial. Rosader beyond measure content, humbly thanked the king, and embraced his Rosal. who turning to Phœbe, demanded if shee had shewed sufficient reason to suppresse the force of her loues. Yea quoth Phebe, & so great a perswasion that if it please you madam and Aliena to giue vs leaue, Montanus and I wil make this day the third couple in mariage. Shee had no sooner spoke this word, but Montanus threw away his Garland of Willow, his bottle, where was painted despayre, and cast his Sonnets in the fire, shewing himselfe as frolike as Paris when he handseled his loue with Helena. At this Gerismond and the rest smiled, and concluded, that Montanus and Phebe should kepe their wedding with the two brethren. Aliena séeing Saladine stand in a dumpe, to wake him from his dreame, beganne thus: Why how now my Saladine, all amort, what man, melancholy at the day of mariage? perchance

perchance thou art ſo ſorrowfull to think on thy brothers high fortunes, and thine owne baſe deſires, to chuſe ſo meane a ſhepheardeſſe. Chéere vp thy thoughts man, this day thou ſhalt be married to the daughter of a King: for now Saladine I am not Aliena, but Alinda, the daughter of thy mortal enemie Toriſmond. At this all the company was amazed, eſpecially Geriſmond, who riſing vp, tooke Alinda in his armes and ſaid: Is this that faire Alinda, famous for ſo many vertues, that forſooke her fathers court, to liue with thée exiled in the cõtrey? The ſame quoth Alinda. Then quoth Geriſmond, turning to Saladine, iolly forreſter, be frolike, for thy fortunes are great, and thy deſires excellent, thou haſt got a princeſſe as famous for her perfection, as exceéding in proportion. She hath with her beauty won, quoth Saladine, an humble ſeruant, and ful of amiable fauour. While euery one was amazed at theſe comicall euents, Coridon came ſkipping in, and told them the prieſt was at church, and taried their comming. Geriſmond led them the way, and the reſt followed, where to the admiration of the countrey ſwaines in Arden, their marriages were ſolemnely ſolemnized. Aſſone as the prieſt had finiſhed, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made all things in readines. Dinner was prouided, the tables were ſpred, and the bride ſat down by Geriſmond: Roſader, Saladine, and Morans that day were ſeruitors: homely there they had, ſuch as the countrey could affoord, but to mend their fare they had mickle good chat, and many diſcourſes of their loues and fortunes. About mid-dinner, to make them merry, Coridon came in with an old crowd, and plaid them a fit of mirth, to which he ſung with this pleaſant ſong.

Coridons Song.

A blithe and bonny country laſſe,
heigh ho, bonny laſſe,
Sate ſighing on the tender graſſe,
And weeping ſaid, will none come woo me.
A ſmicker boy a lither ſwayne,
heigh ho, a ſmicker ſwayne,
That in his loue was wanton faine,
with ſmiling lookes ſtrait came vnto her.

When as the wanton wench eſpide,
heigh ho, when ſhe eſpide:

The meanes to make her ſelfe a bride,
ſhe ſimpred ſmooth like bonny bell,
The ſwaine that ſaw her ſquint-eide kind,
heigh ho ſquint-eide kinde,
His armes about her body twind,
and faire laſſe, how faire ye? well.

The countrey Kit ſaid well forſooth,
heigh ho, well forſooth,
But that I haue a longing tooth,
a longing tooth that makes me crie:
Alas ſaid he what garres thy griefe?
heigh ho, what garres thy griefe?
A wound quoth ſhe without reliefe,
I feare a maide that I ſhall die.

If that be all the ſhepheard ſaid,
heigh ho, the ſhepheard ſaid,
Ile make thee wiue it gentle maide,
and ſo recure thy maladie:
Hereon they kiſt with many an oath,
heigh ho, with many an oath,
And fore god Pan did plight their troth,
And to the Church they hied them faſt.

And God ſend euery pretty peate,
heigh ho, the pretty peate,
That feares to die of this conceite,
ſo kinde a friend to helpe at laſt.

Coridon hauing thus made them merry, as they were in the middeſt of their iollitie, word was brought to Saladine and Roſader, that a brother of theirs, one Fernandine was arriued, and deſired to ſpeake with them. Geriſmond ouerhearing this newes, demaunded who it was, it is quoth Roſader, my middle brother, that liues a ſcholer in Paris, but what hath driuen him to ſeeke vs out, I know not. With that Saladine went and met his brother, whom he welcomed with all curteſie: and Roſader gaue him no leſſe friendly entertainment: brought he was by his two brothers into the parlor: where they

they all sate at dinner. Fernandine as one that knew as many manners, as he could points of sophistrie, and was as well brought vp, as well lettered, saluted them all. But when he espied Gerismond kneeling on his knée, did him what reuerence belonged to his estate: and with that burst forth into these speeches. Although (mighty Prince) this day of my brothers marriage bée a day of mirth, yet time craueth another course, and therefore from dainty cates rise to sharpe weapons. And you the sonnes of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, leaue off your amours, and fall into armes, change your loues into lances, and now this day shew your selues valiant, as hitherto you haue beene passionate. For know Gerismond, that hard by, at the edge of this Forrest, the twelue Péeres of France are vp in armes, to recouer thy right: and Torismond troupt with a crew of desperate runnagates is ready to bid them battell. The armies are readie to ioyne, therefore shew thy selfe in the field to encourage thy subiects: and you Saladine and Rosader, mount you, and shew your selues as hardy souldiers, as you haue beene hearty louers, so shall you for the benefit of your Countrey, discouer the Idea of your fathers vertues to be stamped in your thoughts, and proue children worthy of so honourable a parent.

At these newes, Gerismond leapt from the boord, and Saladine and Rosader betoke themselues to their weapons. Nay, quoth Gerismond, goe with mée, I haue horse and armour for vs all, and then being well mounted, let vs shew that we carrie reuenge and honor at our fauchions points. Thus they leaue the Brides full of sorrow, especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her father, hée not returning a word because his haste was great, hied him home to his lodge, where he deliuered Saladine and Rosader horse and armour, and himselfe armed royally, led the way, not hauing ridden two leagues before they discouered, where in a valley both the battels were ioyned. Gerismond séeing the wing wherein the Péeres fought, thrust in there, and cried, Saint Denis, laying such loade vpon his enemies, that he shewed how highly hée did estimate of a Crowne. When the Péeres perceiued that their cawfull King was there, they were more eager: and Saladine and Rosader so behaued themselues, that none durst stand in their way, nor abide the furie of their weapons. To be short, the Péeres were conquerours, Torismonds armie put to flight, and himselfe slaine in battel.

The

Thus leaues these gentlemen their companie together, who hauing [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[